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For the New-Yorker.

SONG OF THE SEA-KINGS.

It may be unnecessary to state that the Sea-Kings were the pirate leaders of the Northmen or Danes, who, with their retainers, called Jarls, committed such fearful ravages on the coasts of England under the kings of the Saxon Dynasty.

THE storm-waves are dashing,
But little reck we!
Fierce lightnings are flashing
All red o'er the sea;
The wild birds seek shelter
Afar on the rock;
But the Sea-Kings ne'er falter—
All danger they mock,
Then quaff the deep bowl as we stem the high seas,
While our chorus is swelled by the wave and the breeze.

Our crimson flags streaming,
Strike sorer dismay
Than red lightnings gleaming—
More fatal are they!
The black wizard raven*
Our march shrouds in gloom;
On our swords are engraven
Our enemies' doom.
Then quaff the deep bowl till the blood of the brave
Leap light through each heart as the foam on the wave.

Tried friends may deceive us—
Our hearts' closest ones!
But our falchions shall cleave us
A path to our thrones.
Our sceptres unyielding
These same blades shall be;
Their rare cunning gilding
The blood they shed free.
Then quaff the deep bowl to the health of the fair,
Who shall cling to our knees their stript kindred to spare.

When the Saxon churls perish
Their priests toll the dead;
But the gods whom we cherish
Love victims that bleed:
Valhallah's wide portal
Shall ope for our slain;
Their draughts all immortal,
With song shall they drain.
Then quaff the deep bowl—for one slain of our band
A thousand we'll launch for Death's black-bannered land!

Ere the seventh brave morrow
Our red flags shall wave,
Amid wailing and sorrow,
O'er the battle's wide grave!
High glory awaits us,
The green Saxon Isle
Hath spoil that awaits us,
And fair ones that smile.
Then quaff the deep bowl, for their new lords shall be,
'Stead of tame coward slaves, the bold Kings of the Sea.

The harvest they're sowing
Our brave Jarls shall reap;
For like Ocean o'erflowing
Come the Kings of the deep!
On, on! all our glory
The white Scalds shall chaunt,
And the pride of our story
Our children shall vaunt.
Then quaff the deep bowl though the storm-billows bound,
For soon shall we dance the fired Oak-King around!

Paris, Oct. 13, 1836. FALCONER.

* Their imperial Standard, (which they worshipped as possessing wizard power) was a black Raven, embroidered by the hand of a Saga in planetary hour.

A GOOD IDEA.—'Education,' says a western paper, 'is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the school-master, we must increase those of the recruiting sergeant.'

INDEPENDENCE,—'Mar'm wants to know as how as if you wouldn't lend her two or three sticks of wood?' 'Yes, here's two logs—but you didn't return the last you borrowed.' 'No, nor I won't take them are 'thout you split 'em!'

APRIL.

A CORDIAL, heart-in-hand welcome to the glad Spring-time! We hail its kindly presence with a thrill of unaccustomed and grateful emotion. True, the return of an old acquaintance who whilome ministered to our enjoyment ought ever to be a theme of congratulation, yet such is hardly the case with the sister seasons. Summer, indeed, may be deserving of a fervent greeting, but its influences are less genial to intellectual than to vegetable being, while its associations partake largely of the vulgar and the common-place. Autumn is sombre and melancholy to a proverb, and rather calculated to inspire moody reflection than the livelier sensation of pleasure; Winter is cheerless and forbidding beyond the reach of gratitude or eulogy—alike ungracious in retrospect and in prospect, its sternly rugged features defy the mellowing touches of

——'florid prose or honeyed lines of rhyme.'

But Spring—gay, balmy, emerald-hued daughter of the earliest sunbeams—hers is the spell that awakens the heart of the world's weary wayfarer to renovated and rapturous existence. A halo of hope is cast over Life's thorniest pathways; a presentiment of gladness thrills spontaneously through every bosom. As the gaunt sentinel, who has paced his dull, monotonous round through the night's tedious watches, hails with joy the first gleam of morning—no matter if the earth be destined ere the day's close to whiten with the sleet of Winter or redden with the gore of battle—so even the breast most scathed by the darts of misfortune feels a glow of latent warmth at this auspicious season. Fate may be unkind or inimical; friends false or undeserving; the Past a wreck, and the Future an abyss of darkness; but Nature, most worthy the sacred appellation of mother, exerts a genial influence over all; we find soothing if not ecstasy in her smiles, and see their sunlight gloriously reflected from the thick clouds of disappointment and sorrow.

In the beaten path of common sense and reason, April, at least in our latitude, is the first of the vernal months. Vernal, indeed! March often covers our trees with icicles and frost-work—never with blossoms and verdure. His claim to the honors with which almanacs would invest him will not bear investigation, unless snowballs are flowers and north-easters are balm-breathing breezes. Winter sullenly and ungraciously evacuates his throne in March; but Spring modestly hesitates to assume the discarded sceptre until the coming in of April.

It is gravely averred that the humors of April are changeable and capricious to a degree truly feminine—that her smiles and tears are so wilfully intermingled that the amateur who sallies abroad with his sketch-book must not forget his umbrella, and the poet who wanders in search of the beauties of Nature may be glad to make the addition thereto of his own proper self snugly ensconced in an overthrown and headless puncheon. But is not budding beauty proverbially whimsical? and why should not the youngest of the lovable months display her varied attractions under the guidance of her own rare fancy? 'Tis the high but unquestioned prerogative of conscious and self-approving loveliness to act her own good pleasure, leaving to the grave and ungainly the task of finding or creating a reason.

— True, the glories of the Spring-time are not yet fully revealed in our bleak northern clime: of all the countless flowers of the season, only the simple violet, meekest yet fairest daughter of awakening Nature, bends her blushing head beneath the kindly gaze of the genial planet. Earth has not yet donned her gayer appareling; the forests have barely changed the leaden hue of Winter for one a shade more life-like; and even the tenderer herbage of the valley and the meadow scarcely ventures to rear its velvet canopy above the ragged vesture in which the old year was borne to the home of the departed, lest the sweeping breath of the Northern blast should transfix it in icy bondage. No—Spring the soft, the sunny, the enchanting, has not even yet fairly visited us. It is the realm of Man rather than of Nature that fully acknowledges her presence. She comes to us in the rush of the shrill-tongued steamboat, the impatient flapping of the distended mainsail, and the accelerated rumble of the railroad car. The dust goes up in clouds from the busy thoroughfare of trade, and the tokens of man's activity abound at every corner. It is the season of promise and exertion; the heyday of commercial enterprise and universal industry. Reverses may appal and calamity impend—but we talk not now of them.—A health to sunny April of the open brow and wayward spirit!—Brighter be her far-off skies, greener her laughing meadows, and merrier the tinkle of her rivulets rejoicing in their recovered liberty!—and when we next welcome her return to us, may the clouds which now overshadow us have proved as transient and innocuous as one of her own pearly and fitful showers!

For the New-Yorker.

RANDOM THOUGHTS AND REVERIES OF AN AGED PINE.

NO. I.

I AM an aged Pine: the storms of a hundred winters have whistled through my branches, and I now stand in this my ancient home, a prototype of Decay, and a memento of the cankering ravages of Time. He is indeed a ruthless conqueror, and well has he been portrayed by the pencil of Fancy, with his haggard phiz and portentous scythe, for he sweeps across the face of the world on a tireless wing, scathing that which was once deemed incorruptible, and flinging over the most stupendous monuments of human pride the blight of his centuries. The lofty and the humble, the prince and the beggar, are each alike to him; and while he enters the abodes of royalty and sweeps away the gilded trappings of pomp which fixed so intently for a time the admiring gaze of crouching minions, he snatches the crown from the monarch's brow, and trampling it in the dust of a revolution, dissipates the grandeur of regal glory and the high bearing of enthroned puppets with more than talismanic skill, drowning their leaden voices in the shouts of 'Liberty!' and scattering the renown which they once inherited to the mercy of oblivion. It would be useless to rhapsodize on such a stirring theme; for neither the impassioned eloquence of the orator nor the bold flights of the bard have ever been able to fathom the mysteries of Time or portray to their full extent the triumphs which perpetually follow in the path of this dread conqueror. Year after year he scattereth the yellow leaves in the cheerless forest, and causeth the 'grim skeletons' of its sturdy monarchs' to whistle and writhe in the wintry blast; and so he goeth on, bringing to some joy and glorious anticipations, and overwhelming others in the dark billows of adversity and gloom.

While I pursue this my toilsome but ephemeral undertaking, I feel his iron hand upon me. True, I long have stood unscathed by the lightnings of heaven, and unharmed by the various ills to which our community is exposed, (and more especially now in this age of lumber speculation;) but Time can unnerve the stoutest arm, and palsy the energy of the most robust; and singular would it be if we, the leafy garniture of earth, should escape its ills. For years—many years—has the wild mountain wind sang its hymn through our domain; and numberless are the times that I have bowed to the gloomy tempest, as it rushed through the dark ravines which Nature had thrown around the seat of our colony, (if thus it may be termed;) and often have I beheld the stateliest friends of my youth, and indeed the noblest of our race, hurled from their rocky battlements where for many a year they had wrestled with the storm, and still I, with a small remnant of my ancient brotherhood, have remained immoveable; and although the wind has often rocked our sinewy arms, and the wintry blast has at times sounded fearfully wild in the midst of us,—still we in our giant fastnesses have looked forth on them all, and, joining in their mysterious chorus, have chaunted with them our hymns to the Being who gave us such a wild and joyous life.

It were vain for me, an unlettered denizen of the woods, to

enlighten the children of the world with any scintillations of genius, or flashes of wit; and perhaps the attempt would be fruitless should I endeavor to give them glimpses of my life, for it has been of a kind which in their versatility would be denominated cheerless. I am no philosopher, nor, as far as I can ascertain, have I ever discovered within me any thing that approaches to the similitude of worldly lore or wise perception; but if it be cheerless to look forth from the eternal citadels of Nature, and to watch the ceaseless gambols of the mountain torrent—if it be cheerless to live in the harmony of an elevated society, to be wooed by the fairy-like whispers of the mountain breeze, to make minstrelsy through the bright days of Summer, or to sing when the tempest sings, and to join with enthusiasm in the sports of the elements, then indeed are we to be pitied, if any there are any who will venture to nourish such a wild but benevolent chimera. But, standing as we do aloof from the world, its cares, hopes and anticipations, as well as its splendid misery and its miserable splendor, and caring little for the meed of fame and mad ambition, who 'trumpeteth to all,' and rouseth the tiger in the souls of men, it will be readily conceded that we ask not the pity of mortals. Nay, it may be that Man is much more worthy of our commiseration than we of his; for as secluded and ignorant as I am, much have I witnessed that has made me confident that the course of life is crowded with numberless ills, and garnished with tinsel pleasures light as gossamer and fickle as the wind. Alternately strewed with roses and choked with thorns, it wanders over fairy mountains of more than Eastern splendor, and through valleys so delectable that the wayward heart of man might fancy them to be none other than Edens; now gliding through brilliant oases, and now over the sandy and sterile desert, or else through hideous caverns and spots so unsightly as to possess nothing to relieve the asperity of their deformity. Through its whole course it presents (as man has been again and again reminded by his fellow) one checkered scene—at times gilding with unreal splendor those pleasures in the enjoyment of which he searches for that great desideratum of life, Human Happiness—and anon overthrowing his proudest hopes and fondest expectations by some sudden and unforeseen calamity. Little heeds he of the distant thunder of disappointment while the sky of his existence is clear and beautiful; and little dreams he, when music pervades the air and swells through his bosom with pleasant emotion, that the pale Archer—that trampler alike of the brave and beautiful—may have drawn his bow and aimed the unerring arrow. Thus circumstanced, Man, the sad inheritor of life's ills—the creature of Hope and the heir to Immortality—has many a rude battle to fight with the insuperable attendants of his existence; and it is only when the breathing evidence of Nature and the spirit of true devotion teach him

'to humble the imperfect mind,
And lean the broken spirit upon God,'

that he can walk the paths of life and call them beautiful, or feel the happiness that springs from a peaceful mind and the hope of a bright immortality.

Not so with us, poor democrats of Nature. Our lives, like the lives of all those that adorn the earth, as the mute ministers to the wants of man, have different paths and different fulfilments. A plain, honest community, with no desire for roaming and no taste for navigation, especially as it is conducted by miserly man, when a wish to replenish his coffers sways every other feeling which *we* deem humane, and we are obliged to participate, i.e. to *float*—our lives pass away in quietude, and with no worldly thorns to goad our sides, or any battles to fight, except perhaps an occasional skirmish with some wanton tempest, we flourish in the zenith of our wild domain, and, reckless alike of the equipage of camps or the splendor of courts and princely pomp, are contented with the magnificence which Nature sometimes in her playful freaks is wont to throw around us, whether in the lofty form of the precipice, over which the sun-gazing eagle wheels his airy flight, the hollow-sounding cascade, or the beetling and tree-crowned cliffs, or in the more delicate aspect of fountains leaping by thousands from their shady homes, and diffusing their melody through the 'old ancestral woods,' the glorious dwelling places of Nature.

I would here fain linger awhile, and amuse myself and the world, were it possible, by portraying the various scenes of grandeur with which our community is blest, looking as we do into the very eye of them; but the rigidity of age has enervated the vigor of other days, and I *pine*, in the strict sense of the word, under ills which come alike to all, although perhaps not so prematurely to us as to mortals.

Thus far have I rhapsodised, with perhaps more enthusiasm than might be expected from one so enervated and scathed by the lapse of years and the buffetings of time; but whether I deserve the character of a rhapsodist, or that of a mere ordinary matter-of-fact being, living, as I do, isolated from the world, and all the thousand scenes the portraiture of which calls into such vigorous action the wayward fancies of man—still, as a rhapsodist of the woods, it is (what mankind would term) my prerogative to exercise this my singular propensity; and although it may be regarded as a species of affectation and foolery, by those who have no fancy for the ideal, or respect for our race, (and such are often to be met with among men, as the sad experience of many an ill-starred 'monarch of the wilds' has fully testified,) yet it may be that the bard will smile at this tortuous effort of mine, labored and unrefined though it may be; for it is with his society that I have been the most deeply honored, and it is to him that we pines owe a debt that can never be cancelled, since, if we may credit report, he has often immortalised us in the honeyed flow of rhyme, the bewitching melody of Helicon—singing of the inspiration which is to be gleaned in our companionship, whether at the first smile of morning, or in the misty splendor of a summer's noon, when the

"Light murmuring of the mountain *pine*
Sounds fairy-like, and tinkling bells
Send forth harmonious cadences,"

or in the rich glow of evening, when

"Little wood-birds sing, and sounds divine
Swell from the bosom of the towering *pine*."

It has been my lot to manufacture thoughts for these exquisite sentimentalists; and though some rapscallions among men have at times taken it into their heads to designate them as 'romantic boobies,' (owing, no doubt, to the circumstance of their being themselves boobies, and that, too, of the vilest order,) yet, from the fame which has encircled the name of the poet in days gone by, and the melodious flow of song with which he has so often captivated the world, extremely unwilling should I be to believe that he merits the appellation, and especially when bestowed upon him by those whose pretensions at *snarling* (if I may be barbarous enough to use the word) at every thing which conflicts with their own narrow-minded views, are deservedly eminent.

These may be wide wanderings, for one so unsophisticated as myself to make—bold declarations, these, no doubt; and perhaps they may astonish many who have not become so deeply versed in love and romance as to assign to us powers of sighing, murmuring, and such like faculties, that ideal language which the mind at times delights to interpret, and more especially the mind of that mysterious creature of whom I have just spoken—he who wanders through the paths of nature, and finds, amidst mountains and forest shadows, those exquisite thoughts which, when linked with the spirit of devotion, raise high the soul towards its native element;—he who, in the hour of midnight, tunes his harp with thrilling melody to the visions which flit on fairy wing before his imagination, calling up from its recesses the imagery of the mind, and making the language of earth's 'all sparkling and glorious things' intelligible and beautiful. GANYMEDE.

ANECDOTE.—Members of Congress are not always members of temperance societies,—that is certain.—One member of the late Congress came into the House essentially fuddled: the *currency bill* was up, and he forthwith proceeded to speechify upon the *fortification bill*;—which was quite natural, considering that topers usually have less love for cash than for fighting. After proceeding about half an hour, a friend took the liberty to hand him the currency bill, hinting that *that* was the subject of discussion. The hint was kindly taken, and the mistake discovered, whereupon the *honorable* member cried out, "Mr. Speaker! I don't know as my remarks exactly hit the bill under consideration: but I think they apply as well to that *as to any thing else!*" The House was in an uproar of laughter at the drunken wit, and permitted the member to finish his speech, in the extraordinary short space of one hour and a half. Montpelier (Vt.) Watchman.

APHORISM.—Of all dispositions, malice and uncharitableness are the most ordinary. Nothing is so easy as to discern what is ridiculous and viscious, and to turn it into ridicule; but it requires a superior mind to comprehend genius and virtue. Chateaubraird.

For the New-Yorker.

LINES TO A POET.

The heart of the minstrel beat
With joy—as a song of gentle spell
He sung, which had crossed the ocean swell,
Like a bird, his heart to greet! *Falconer.*

Poet! thou by the blue Moselle
Of vine-clad sunny France,
Or by thine own fair Scotland's streams,
That land of bard and poet dreams,
And glorious romance—

Thou who dost tune thy spirit's lyre
To sound from o'er the sea,
Whose deep, harmonious, thrilling strains
Have reached me far by Western plains,—
O how shall I thank thee

For the calm, the 'rapt, the deep delight
With which mine eye hath bent
O'er each story and each song of thine,
Making thy thought to me a shrine
With fancies eloquent?

At sunset hour, in the still, bright eve,
I linger o'er thy page;
And the chord of my inmost spirit thrills
And each word with breathless interest fills
Soul, sense, and thought to engage!

Poet! hast thou some secret gift
Some strongly-woven spell?
O'er my spirit's melancholy hour
Hold'st thou some mighty, magic power
That thou lur'st my thoughts so well?

Surely thou dost—for thy spirit's voice
Ever lulls my weary heart,
And the visitings of thy fancy's light,
Casts o'er my life a charm so bright,
That I pray it may ne'er depart!

And then, methinks, (in vain, perchance,)
That my mind has faintly caught
The tone of thine own, so high and strong,
Soaring with radiant wing along,
And full of glorious thought.

Poet, farewell! but leave thou still
Thy magic verse for me:
One simple wreath around thy shrine
Is all my feeble hand can twine,
Howe'er unworthy thee!

Plainfield, Ill. Feb. 1837. STELLA.

THE TEN TRIBES OF ISRAEL.—At a recent meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society, a paper was read, "On the Fate of the Ten Tribes of Israel after the fall of Samaria," by the late T. M. Dickenson, Esq., of the Bombay Civil Service. The writer, in this essay, accurately investigates the several opinions which have obtained currency among the learned as to the location of the captive Israelites after the destruction of their kingdom. He is inclined to afford more consideration than recent writers have been induced to give to the idea which was advocated so warmly by the early settlers in the New World, that the North American Indians were of Hebrew origin. This opinion, Dr. Dickenson states, was first suggested to John Elliot, (the Indian evangelist, as he is sometimes called,) by a Mr. Winslow, a commercial agent in New England, about 1549. It was subsequently maintained by several other writers, and supported by arguments drawn from many striking peculiarities which characterise the manners, customs, religious rites, physiognomy, &c., of the American Indians. He then adverts to the Black Jews of Malabar, who are invariably termed Beni-Israel, or Israelites, and not Jews, as the followers of the law of Moses are elsewhere designated; and thinks that their origin and history are well deserving investigation. Athenæum.

THE BLACKSMITH REPRESENTATIVE.—Ichabod Emmons, a blacksmith by trade, for some years represented the town of Hinsdale in the Legislature of Massachusetts. He was a man of a good deal of wit and humor, and made no little sport for the other members of the house. The Pawtucket Chronicle relates the following:—Emmons was at times slovenly in his dress and personal appearance. On one of these occasions, a spruce, well-dressed Boston member rallied the old man upon his appearance, and asked him why he did not come to the honorable house better dressed. "Do you suppose," said the old man, with the utmost gravity, "that I am going to wear my best clothes here in Boston?" The effect was irresistible.

IMMENSITY.—We are assured by astronomers, that the distance of the nearest fixed star is so great, that the utmost measure we can apply to it—the diameter of the earth's orbit—a space of no less than 192,000,000 of miles, is absolutely too little to measure it by—is, in fact, contained within it so many times that the number cannot be counted!

For the New-Yorker.

AN EXTRACT

FROM THE FALL OF TECUMSEH.

British Camp.—Proctor and Officers in Council.

First Officer. The fickle goddess, Fortune, on our arms
No longer smiles; but gilds the tossing plumes,
And eagle banner of our active foes.

Second Officer. The bugle sounding mournfully '*retreat!*'
Is truly humbling to a British heart,
And jarring music to a British ear:—
The plain whereon our snowy tents are pitched
Is subject to the empire of our King,
And it would be more chivalrous by far
For his liege soldiery to make a stand,
And the loud onrush of invasion check
By raising up a wall of bristling steel—
What says our General?

Proctor. I fain would stay
With my brave army to abide the shock,
And conquer, or contending die, if faith
Could be reposed in Indian constancy.
Hark, hark! some one has pass'd the sentinel.
[*Enter Tecumseh.*]
How fares it with thee, Monarch of the Woods?
Thy presence always gives me joy—what news?

Tecumseh. My runners have come back and tidings bring
That, vauntingly, the Long Knives follow us
Like panthers screaming on the trail of deer.

Proctor. Is the pursuer nigh?

Tecumseh. But few miles off!

Proctor. Prompt then must be our measures for retreat,
To risk *our all* against a haughty foe
Outmatching us in strength numerical,
And with a recent victory elate,
Would not be crafty soldiership, my friends!

Tecumseh. No longer will I play the craven wolf,
And waste my better energies in flight.
White Chieftain! thou hast falsified thy vow
To crush the hated '*Yengeese*' long ere this,
And yet dare ask me, with a pliant tongue,
In base retreat to bear you company.

Proctor. If I should heed the promptings of a heart
Wherein flames up instinctive love of strife,
My counsel would be otherwise, rash Prince!
But hazardous, yea foolish it would be
To match my soldiers against fearful odds,
And jeopardize the fortunes of my King.

Tecumseh. The Prophet of my people yesternight
Heard spectral music on the hollow blast,
And in yon swamp, where my red warrior's lie,
A sullen gathering of ghosts beheld
Clad in the costume of our Forest Kings—
He shook his wand, and from the ghastly throng
My father came, and, in sepulchral tone,
Commanded him no further to move on,
But quench his parching thirst for carnage, *here.**
Though white confederates forsake the field
Like autumn birds when falls the blinding sleet—
Though fear gives wing to my own painted braves,
The Shawnee Chief will not recede or quail,
But fight until the red and thirsting earth
Drinks the last gore-drop of his branching veins.

Proctor. My darker brother is too wise to place
Destructive credence in an idle dream,
And sacrifice his followers thereby.

Tecumseh. Mount, mount your fleetest battle-steed and fly,
Ply well the spur that glitters on your heel,
While the hoarse raven whets his eager beak
To feed, ere nightfall on my mangled corse,
Or on the yelling pack in swift pursuit.
My *post is here*, and *here* my voice shall raise
The song of triumph, or my freezing lips
Be frosted by the gasping foam of Death.
[*Drum in the distance.*]
That signal warns me to the shade where crouch
My mountain cats preparing for the spring.
[*Exit Tecumseh.*] W. H. C. HOSMER.

* The Prophet selected the ground opposite the Moravian Town for the grand struggle, and prophesied victory to the Indians.

THE DESCRIPTIVE.—Considering the circumstances of the case, the bumpkin's description of the ass is one of the best sketches imaginable. Having for the first time seen an animal of this kind, he was afterwards asked by a less lucky companion to describe it—"to tell him how it looked."

"Hem!—did you ever see a mule?"

"Yes."

"Well, a jackass looks just like a mule—only *more so*."

From the Knickerbocker, for April.

OLLAPODIANA.

NUMBER NINETEEN.

KIND READER: All eyes of late have been turned toward Washington. The last process of president-making has there been perfected, and the beauty of the republican system made manifest. The national metropolis—which is indeed, and punning aside, a *capital* place—was crowded to abundant repletion. Men, it is said, in the annals of that week, slept wheresoever they could place their super-abounding skulls: some in rail-cars, some in the corners of suburban fences, and others, like the harvests of old, were 'gathered into barns,' consorting with jealous rats, and provident mousers—lashed by the scampering tails of the one, and visited by the omniscient whiskers of the other. In truth, from all we hear, it was a pressing time altogether, and the bed-market was never so *tight* before in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Washington. But why should I enlarge upon this point—an imaginary one as far as I am concerned?

'Of the people that suffered from evils that were,
I cannot tell—for I was not there.'

But the pressure thitherward has awakened a remembrance of a visit to that region some dozens of moons ago. Washington is always *sui generis*, in its main features; and turnpikes, sheets of water, with towns and cities, do not change materially in so short a time.

Every one who has crossed the line of Mason and Dixon, knows what sort of a river the Delaware is. On one side, as thou goest toward the south, from the city of PENN, thou perceivest the low shore of Jersey, calm and green; on the other, in the direction of the occident, may be seen the undulating slopes and swells of Pennsylvania, melting into distance; before thee is the crystal river—an affrighted member of the ichthyological tribe, frightened by the coming boat, springing now and then from its bosom—saltation by stream.

Consider me on my way to the City of Distances. The difference between the two shores and states is preserved, as far as you go. I pointed out to my friends, G. W. C——, and Le Compte C——l, the beauty of the scenes we were passing. The latter enjoyed them with that keen and relishing sense, natural in one but a few months in the country, 'and sharp with his eyes.' The tame canals of Europe, the *trekschuyt*, and the sleepy landscapes from its postals of observation, were contrasted with the free and majestic movement of our good steamer, and the senses of its airy deck, or its cabin windows.

WE are on the Chesapeake. It is early autumn. A few frosts have descended upon the woodlands, whose painted masses hang over the edge of the distant wave, like an ocean of rainbows, just breaking in turbulence upon a lake of pure and molten silver. Golden flashes of sunshine play in tremulous lines for miles along the wave; the distant sail flits into indistinctness, and the duck, poising its wing on the westerngale, skims the blue ridges in the south-east like the messenger of a spirit, dropping ever and anon to float in its nest on the billow, and turn its quick iris to the smoky craft, gliding like a 'sea chimera' on the distant waste.

THE approach to Baltimore was likest to magic. A long pile of rosy clouds—whether the increase of the city, or the offspring of the bay—clung to the base of the town, steepened in the gushes of the sunset, and extending for miles on either hand. Above these clouds rose the domes of cathedrals, churches, and minsters; and over all, the slender but simple and majestic shaft, at which whosoever looketh, he shall be instantly reminded of the Father of his Country, the immortal WASHINGTON. It springs towards the heavens with a plain but a commanding austerity. There, around the crowning statue, breathes the air of freedom; there circulates the sunlight which gilds the pinions of the eagle, or lights the plumage of the dove, as she sails to her rest.

THE City of Monuments is worth a week of observation. When thou touchest that spot, oh, Tourist! rest thee there awhile. Go forth into the town. Remain not too long at morn over Barnum's rich coffee and cakes, nor at noon over his wines, those succulent, magical things, but get thee out into the thoroughfares. Convey yourself to the Holliday-street Temple: and if the gas *be* dubiously fragrant, thou wilt get respectable dramatics, and thine evening shall be well nigh spent ere it seem begun.

BALTIMORE, like Boston, is a city of ups and downs. It is memorable to me; for it was in that city of monuments that I had well nigh lost my life. That spice of the adventurous which has accompanied me from my earliest days, led me to ascend the long ladder, said to have been some seventy feet high, placed on the outside of the great dome of the cathedral, then undergoing repairs. The upward distance lent an enchantment to my eye, which was irresistible. I fancied that the view from the 'topmost round' of those tapering ladders, tied together with ropes, would be *magnificent*. I was not disappointed. The bay melted afar into the iris-blue of air—that golden edging, which hangs over forest tops and waters in summer, whose tremulousness makes the eye ache with gazing, and fills the heart with happy and ethereal feelings. Landward, the country spread brightly around, seamed with brown roads, and fading afar into apparent ridges, and swells of cedar-green. It was a calm and cheerful day, and every object in unision one with another. The air was rarified and sweet; the last odor of the latest flowers of summer seemed floating by in the sunshine; and I fancied that the voices of summer-birds taking their farewells for distant climes, were mingling with them. The shipping in the harbor sent every pennon to the gale; the flag-staffs waved their signals, and, what with the fresh breeze, and the beauty of the morning, it really seemed a gala-day.

After having fed my eyes with the beauty of the scene, from the extreme height of the ladder—the voices of the workmen in the cupola, or on the balustrade above, making a pleasant hum in my ear—I prepared to descend. But the moment I looked toward the earth, a *dizziness* came upon me, which almost led me to instantaneous self-abandonment. My brain reeled, my eyes grew dim—a sleepy sensation crept over me—the whole cathedral seemed to recede from my gaze—and for a moment I seemed as if sailing in the air. I had not descended more than a dozen rounds, when my tottering steps and trembling hands really seemed to refuse their office. My sickness increased, and a languor crept over my perceptions, like the effect of an anodyne. I felt myself absolutely becoming *indifferent* to my peril, though I know it well. I was in truth as if in a dream; and I can safely aver, that I felt myself losing all consciousness, when I heard one of the workmen above—and the words came to my ear as if from the supernatural lips of a spirit—exclaim, '*My God! that young gentleman is going to fall!*'

The sentence went like fire to my brain, and rolled like a flood of lava over every nerve. It restored me instantly to a full perception of my case, and my course. I grasped the rounds of the ladder with the firmness which a drowning man exhibits when clutching, in the bubbling groan of his last agony, at the slenderest spar. Every foot-fall shook the ladder from end to end; and when I touched the ground, I felt precisely as if rescued from the grave.

FROM Baltimore to Washington, the route is what one might call *dull*. Such, at least, was the impression of the road upon our party of three and a servant, as we wheeled over the yellow line, y'clept a turnpike. The view therefrom is limited, being confined to a few brown landscapes, describing, as it were, a stone's-throw radius on either hand. One stirring scene, however, I must needs except. There is a point, as you go from Baltimore, Washington-ward, where the former city lifts itself in supreme beauty along the line of the horizon. Dome, tower, and temple, point their glowing indices towards that heaven to which their ministering spirits guide the way; a wide lapse of silver bounds the view; and over all, like a pyramid above the plains of Memphis or of Thebes, or like to the Needles, named of her who wooed an ANTHONY to her bosom, and who fled from those fair orbs the scorpion which killed her—rose that thin shaft which commemorates the fame of WASHINGTON—*the Saviour of his Country*. As I turned my head, (thrust forth in search of the picturesque, from the window of our extra,) to survey the parting glories of that tall white column, my heart swelled into my throat; for, my dear American reader, I am peculiarly susceptible of patriotic influences. A sign-post, with WASHINGTON at its top, calls forth my admiration. I have wept at the plaudits of an audience at the theatre, when the falling of a new drop-curtain has disclosed the forms or features of the *Pater Patriæ*. Simple, republican, austere in honor, sublime in war, beloved in peace—when shall we look upon his like again? I am not of those who fancy that any eulogy can be misused upon his memory; nor do I think that terms and tributes, though often repeated, can ever grow familiar or aged, when applied to his name. Therefore I offer, as the best *synop is* of his merits, a stanza which may be familiar to many, and yet new to the majority of those who now follow my words:

'His was Octavian's prosperous star—
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car,
At Battle's call;
His Scipio's virtue; his the skill
And the indomitable will
Of Hannibal:
His was Aurelius' soul divine,
The clemency of Antonine,
And generous will:
In tented field and bloody fray,
An Alexander's vigorous sway,
And stern command;
The faith of Constantine—ay, more—
The fervent love Camillus bore
His native land.'

The sun had just gone to bed in a pile of fleecy and feathery clouds, flushed like the heart of a summer rose, long before we had reached the Great Capital. A storm came on; the rain pattered heavily against our carriage-window; and when we first caught the reflection of lights against them from the lamps in the vicinity of the capitol, it seemed as if we had embarked in a vehicle, chartered by Phaeton, to be conveyed whithersoever his eccentric whipship would.

A PRESENTATION at the American court, at a private audidence, and with a foreign functionary, is not an ordinary matter of your working-day world. With anticipations of this sort, so it was that I was awakened by our attendant in a crowded sky-parlor at GADSBY'S, through whose uppermost casement I looked, and saw the splendors of an autumnal

morning sun streaming over the capitol, at the distant end of Pennsylvania Avenue. But, what a strange melange of town and country between! Fields near at hand; rural waters twinkling nigh; and at long intervals, the indications of a city. One finds no direct chance of deciding upon his whereabout. At first, he fancies it may be *rus in urbe;* at the next moment he concludes himself surrounded *cum urbs in rure.* Thenceforth, those abstruse mysteries, the points of a compass—properly belonging to the shipman's card, and not manipulated by lubbers o' the land—become to him inexplicable enigmas. He knows the contradistinction of head and heels, barely: all facts beyond outventure his philosophy.

THERE is a halo of 'glorification,' after all, about a functionary, high in office and place, which makes the heart of your humble denizen beats quicker, as he approaches the imperial den. Thus it was with me, as our coach wheeled up to the mansion where le Compte was to find himself accredited. The ceremonies on such occasions are pleasant to the spectator, and though simple, are imposing. A group of grey-heads and time-worn forms; expressions of polite regards, in different accents and various language; bows and kind assurances, are the staple scenes and sounds on such occasions.

At the same time, it is right republican to see the President, with a free-and-easy air, ask his Secretary of State to light a paper that he may convey the blaze thereof to a pipe, the stem of which must not measure in length more than three inches, and the smoke from the bowl thereof must coil up within a hair's bredth of the Presidential nose. It reminds one of those calm and luxurious times, signalized in the reign of WOUTER VAN TWILLER, in the days when the KNICKERBOCKERS—pyramids of their day and generation—towered aloft in Dutch and daring dignity.

AMONG the fair women of that day and hour, was the gifted and accomplished **** L——. Song, it was said, had breathed around her footsteps from lyres of fame; and one devoted bard—(so Rumor breathes)—poured after her, when abroad, the song that ensueth. He had heard, erroneously, that she was dead:

'TO CORA.

I.

'I SANG to thee my matin hymn
In life's auspicious hour,
Ere the sunlight of joy grew dim,
O'er beauty's vernal bower:
For all the wealth of heaven above,
And all beneath the sea,
I would not then have sold the love
Thou freely gav'st to me.

II.

'When youth's bright hopes began to fail,
I sung an altered strain—
The farewell to the fading sail
That bore thee o'er the main:
And as I pressed thy gentle form,
And heard thy parting vow,
Thy kisses on my lips were warm,
Thy tears were on my brow!

III.

'Still fall those tears? Sweet mourner, no!
Beyond the unquiet wave,
Thy broken heart forgot its wo,
But only in the grave!
There Memory weeps—while trusting Love
Looks through the clouds of even,
To view thine angel form above,
A habitant of heaven!'

Nothing can be prettier, or more pathetic, than this effusion: yet the catastrophe part, as my friend of the Albany Argus would say, was 'gratuitous.' The parties afterward, mayhap, read it together, and pointed out the chronological inaccuracies: which reminds me, or *might* remind me, of a circumstance lately related in one of the western papers, where a gentleman who had been advertised as deceased, wrote a polite note to the editor of the journal, (who had thus among his *personal* ship-news recorded a false clearance for eternity,) somewhat as follows:

MY DEAR SIR: Will you allow me to correct a slight statement in your last, with reference to my death? I am grateful for the compliments to my character in your obituary notice, and I believe them *deserved.* That I tried to do the handsome thing while I lived, is most true; true, too, is it, that I never backed out of a fight, and never saw the man that could whip me, when alive; and I say the same yet, 'being dead,' according to your story. But when you state, that I left my affairs unsettled, and my widow and those eleven children unprovided for, I have only to state, that *you lie in your throat!* I mean no offence in what I say; I speak in the aggregate sense of the term. Being a dead man, and printed *down* as such in your columns, I am incapable of mortal resentments; but I leave as my avengers, CAIN, ABEL, and SIMPKINS, printers and publishers of the *Occidental Trumpet and Mississippi Battle-Axe.* To the editor of that paper I submit my fame. To his indomitable coolness, never yet ruffled by repeated contumely, and invulnerable to contempt, I confide my reputation: feeling certain that one who has never found satisfaction for an insult, (nor sought it indeed,) can fail to be a champion in my cause. That he may be in peril in my advocacy, is possible; but he knows how to shun it. He is independent, for he is unknown; he is fearless, for no man will touch a hair of his head. To that immortal GULLIVER, in whatsoever cave or fastness he may dwell, I surrender my fame. Yours, 'till death, ROSWELL ADAMS GREENE.'

But I wander—and I recall my rambling spirit back to the American capital.

ATTENDED church. 'Tis a dull business in Washington. One's devotional feelings, that in ordinary cities kindle and rise heavenward, at the anthems of the choir, or the pealing of the organ, come down, in the metropolis of the republic, to the shallow and factitious distinctions of this common sphere of earth. The preachers at Washington have been variously described. Just before the session of the National Legislature, as at the period of which I speak, crowds of the reverend cloth convene, for the chaplaincy of Congress, and other purposes. Of course, as many of these as can, accomplish the entre to the metropolitan desk, to display their powers. The divine I had the happiness to hear, in some respects resembled the man whom my dear lamented SANDS described in his 'Scenes at Washington.' *Argument* was his hobby; and he would curtail a sentence of its dimensions, and subvert all gleanings, scriptural, historical, or political, to fortify the same. He reminded me of that queer and rural divine, of whom I have heard in Massachusetts, who found his congregation indulging in all the extravagances of provincial fashion, and rebuked them *en masse,* (especially the fairer part, who indulged in flaunting top-knots, and dresses of the head,) by choosing for one of his sermons the following text '*Top-knot come down!*' From this text he deduced a world of sacred ratiocination; he expiated upon the uselessness of top-knots, and enlarged upon the scriptural injunction that they should come down. Toward the close of his sermon, he confessed that he had merely adopted a *clause;* but he said that any detached sentence, even from Holy Writ, was profitable for *reproof* and for *instruction.* 'The context of the clause,' he added, 'I will now join with the text. It is written thus: 'Let him that is on the house-*top not come down.*' Comment is unnecessary!'

THERE is a story of this same man of God, now gathered to his fathers, (or named at least of him,) for which I have great respect. It seems that he encountered a confirmed infidel one evening at a donation-party—a man who respected the pastor of the town, though he did not credit his doctrines. By accident, they engaged in a controversy, and the infidel endeavored to prove, by Holy Writ, in the same text-choosing method for which his opponent was proverbial, that the priests of old were drunkards, and that they imbibed 'potations pottle deep,' in public.

'How do you prove that? Give me instance,' said the clerical gladiator.

'Well,' was the reply, 'look at the coronation of SOLOMON, where it is expressly stated that Zadok, the priest that anointed him, '*took a horn.*'

Yes, said he of the cloth, but you don't give the whole of the passage, which is this: 'And Zadok the priest took a horn *of oil,* and anointed Solomon.'

'I did not say what he did with his horn,' rejoined the infidel; 'I only contended that he *took* it.'

'Good—very good!' responded the divine, warming at the quiz which he saw was directed toward himself: 'You are ingenious in your argument: but I can prove by the Scriptures, in the same way, that instead of being here, resolving doubts and disputing with me, you should be swinging on a gallows at this moment, by your own consent and deed.'

'No, no—*that's* beyond your skill; and if you will establish what you propose, by any kind of ratiocination, I will confess my deserts, as soon as they are shown.'

'Agreed. Now do we not read in the Bible, that 'Judas went and hanged himself?''

'Yes, we do.'

Do we not find, in another part of the Sacred Word, '*Go thou and do likewise?*'

'Yes; you have proved that as far as you go. What next?'

'Only one clause more,' replied the divine. The Bible also says. '*What thou doest, do quickly.*' Now, my friend, go and hang yourself at once!'

'Not till I show you the text to your charity sermon, preached for the Widow's Society in Boston, last spring.' Here it is; and there is a work there, which you either have not properly written or properly read.

Saying this, he drew a pamphlet from his pocket, and pointed to the opening passage. It ran thus: 'Then he rebuked the winds, and the sea, and lo! there was a great *clam!*' Why do you bring your texts to such an amphibious and testaceous termination?

The good man was thunder-struck. He acknowledged that there was an error; but he contended that shell-fish might have existed at that ancient period:

'E'en though vanished, he could argue still.'

UNFORTUNATELY, typical mutations in published MSS. have come down to the present day. Not many moons since, I was called upon by a small and humble-looking person, in green spectacles, behind which there rolled two enormous gray eyes. He said he was a man of many occupations, and sometimes dabbled in literature. He had thoughts of buying some western lands, if any one would credit him for six years, and in that way make his fortune. A friend in Texas had also assured him that he could get some lots there on the same terms. In these enterprises he wished me to join him. But first, and before showing me some poetry which had been spoilt in the publication, he wished me to loan him a shilling, or accept his note to that amount, 'with sixty days to run.' A humorous thought struck me, and I chose the latter, with the direction that he should try it for discount at the United States' Bank. The next day I received a carefully-written 'business letter' from him, which (after promising to call on me in an hour after I received it,) contained the ensuing:

'December 17.

MY DEAR SIR: I have had an interview with Mr. BIDDLE, and truly lament my inability to communicate satisfactory results. I fear that until the resolution of the Senator from Ohio, in regard to the repeal of the Treasury order, is finally disposed of, the trading interests will materially suffer.

'The Board of Directors, however, have some reason to indulge in the pleasing hope, that a small keg of ten-cent-pieces will arrive from Tinicum, some time during the ensuing week; in which case, the president has promised to exert his influence in my behalf on the next discount-day.

"If we should be successful in ultimately elevating the breeze (raising the wind) on my promissory note, we can proceed without delay to our contemplated acquisitions in Michilimackinac lands, and Texas scrip. Your obedient friend,

'ZEBEDEE FUSSY.'

He was with me, almost before I had read his letter. 'Ah!' said he, 'reading my scroll, I see. Funny circumstance but never mind. You make pieces sometimes for the *Knickerbocker,* don't you?—apt kind o' pieces that come out of your head? I borrow that there periodical, sometimes, of a friend, and I seen a piece-t there about a man who was the 'Victim of a Proof-Reader.' I am one of that class. Two years ago I was in love. I was *jilted.* Hang details; the upshot is the main thing. Well, I had tried the young lady, and found her wanting; and I thought I would quote a line of Scripture onto her, as a motto for some bitter and reproachful verses.' So, holding a manuscript in one hand high up, and placing the other arm a-kimbo, he read as follows:

'TO ONE FOUND WANTING.

'*Mene, mene, tekel upharsin!*'—*Scripture.*

'THOU art no more, what once I knew
Thy heart and guileless tongue to be;
Thou art no longer pure and true,
Nor fond, to one who knelt to thee;
Who knelt, and deemed thee all his own,
Nor knew a dearer wish beside;
Who made his trembling passion known,
And looked to own thee for a bride.

'What is the vow that once I heard
From those balm-breathing lips of thine?
Broken, ah! broken, word by word,
E'en while I worshipped at thy shrine!
Broken by thee, to whom I bowed,
As bends the wind-flower to the breeze,
As bent the Chaldean, through the cloud,
To Orion and the Pleiades.

'But thou art lost! and I no more
Must drink thy undeceiving glance;
Our thousand fondling spells are o'er—
Our raptured moments in the dance.
Vanished, like dew-drops from the spray,
Are moments which in beauty flew;
I cast life's brightest pearl away,
And, false one! breathe my last adieu!'

Here he stopped—his gray eyes rolling in a wild frenzy—and drew a newspaper from his breeches pocket. 'Sir,' said he, striking an attitude, 'I sent them verses for to be printed into the '*Literary Steam-boat, and General Western Alligator.*' It is a paper, Sir, with immense circulation. A column in it, to be read by the boatmen and raftsmen of the west, is immortality. I say nothing. Just see how my infusion was butchered. *I* can't read it.'

I took the paper, a little yellow six-by-eight folio, and read thus:

'TO ORE, FOUND WASHING.

'*Mere, mere, treacle, O'Sartin!*' *Sculpture.*

'THOU hast no means, at once to slew
Thy beasts and girdless tongues to tree;
Thou hast no l'argent, pure and true,
Nor feed, for one who knelt to thee:
Who knelt, and dreamed thy all his own,
Nor knew a drearer wish betidle,
Who maid his tumbling parsnips known,
And looked to arm thee for a bridle!

'What *is* the row? what once I heard
From those brow-beating limps of thine?
Brokers! oh, brokers! one by one,
E'en while I worshipped at thy shine!
Broker by three! to whom I lowed,
As lends the wind-flaw to the tries;
As burst the chaldron thro' the clod,
To Onions, and the fleas as dies.

'But thou art lost! and I no more
Mus dirk thy undeceaving glance;
One thous & friendly squills are o'er,
Our ruptured moments in the dance!
Varnished, like dew-drops from the sprag,
Are moments which in business flew!
I cut life's brightest peal a-wag,
And false one, break my bust—a dieu!'

On breaking into a loud laugh at the utter stupidity of this typical metamorphosis, I found that the stranger grew red

in the face. He snatched the paper from my hand, and disappeared, making his bow as he retired.

And, beloved reader, having exceeded my boundaries, let me do the same. Thine till doomsday, OLLAPOD.

From the Knickerbocker for April.

THE MIRROR OF DEATH.

'Poor Mary —— is no more! She breathed her last on Thursday, just as the sun was sinking to his rest. You remember her singular beauty—the rose-leaf bloom of her cheek, and the lustre of her large dark eye.—Alas! they were but the harbingers of premature decay. Yet we little thought so, one short year ago, as we gazed in admiration upon features glowing with youth and beauty, and saw the radiant color come and go, with tidings from her heart, as if it were a running messenger to that glad source. But she is gone—and the fond eyes that have seen her will see her no more! A little while before she died, in an interval of pain, she desired her sister to bring a mirror, that she might behold the ravages which disease had wrought. Her request was granted—and never shall I forget the affecting scene which ensued—the solemn monitions with which it was fraught.'

Letter from a Friend.

THE beautiful was dying! In Life's spring,
When the young heart, with joy intoxicate,
Had newly nestled under Love's warm wing.
And Pleasure's roses hid the thorns of Fate—
The fiat had gone forth! To pass away
So young, so blest, it was a bitter doom;
But the soft radiance of immortal day
Streamed sweetly through the twilight of the tomb.

The strife was well nigh finished, and the soul,
Baptised in light, the dawn of light to be,
Meted Life's pleasures at its final goal,
By the just standard of Eternity.
Sweet was the spirit's counsel, breathed from lips
Voiced like the bird that warbling mounts toward heaven.
And to those eyes Death waited to eclipse,
A deep and holy earnestness was given.

She bade them bring a mirror; when 'twas brought,
She looked into it long, with steadfast gaze,
But quailed not at the wreck disease had wrought
Among the charms so praised in other days;
Then, with the ruin of her loveliness,
Like a sad spectre of the past, in view,
Thus did her soul rebuke Pride's weaknesses—
Thus bid its wasted tenements adieu:

"How soon Life vanisheth!
A little revel, then a long repose:
Health's seeming hue is oftimes but the rose
Planted by Death!

Look on this altered brow,
Once garlanded with such fastidious care;
How would gay flowers or wreaths of jewels rare,
Beseem it now!

Waste not one precious hour
In vain adornment of the fading clay;
But beautify the soul o'er which decay
Can boast no power.

Robe it for that abode
Where sorrow comes not—beauty knows no blight;
Fit it to be, in halls of peerless light,
The guest of GOD!

Friends whom I fondly love!
Oh! put the everlasting garment on!
So shall ye stand accepted by that throne
All thrones above.

So shall we part, to meet
Where never yet was heard the sound 'Farewell!'
And hold, in that fair land where angels dwell,
Communion sweet.

Farewell! poor faltering dust,
Whose image Death is darkening even now?
But a few moments more of pain, and thou
Shalt yield thy trust.

I feel Earth's tie,
Untwining from my soul! Ye kind and true,
Who long have watched and tended me, adieu!
In peace I die!"

Her dark eyes closed—the pulse of life was stilled;
Death came to her as to the weary, sleep,
And left a smile upon the lip that chilled,
That made it half profanity to weep.
Sorrow for *her*—it had been selfishness!
Why should we mourn when those we mourn rejoice?
Perchance to save her from unrecked distress.
God called her homeward with a father's voice.

All that was mortal of that sainted girl
Lies in the vale she loved—a beauteous scene;
Above her grave the night-dew hangs its pearl
On many a graceful wreath of living green:
There earliest wake the warblers of the Spring,
There, too, the flowers of Autumn latest die:
Nature delights her choicest gifts to fling
Around the tomb of maiden purity. J. B.

A CRITICAL POT BOY.—A few days since, a gentleman went into a tavern in Holborn, and in the absence of the usual waiter, was attended to by the pot boy. "Bring me the evening paper," said the gentleman. "T'arnt come yet, sir," said the pot boy, "but there's the Satirist, and it's got some wetry good pieces of poetry in it." "Indeed!" replied the gentleman, "and how do you know that?" "Oh," returned the hopeful youth, "I know it's poetry, acause all the lines an shorter than tothers; and it's werry good, acause our gals says so."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE TWO BUTLERS.

IN all countries and all languages we have the story of *Il Bondocani*. May I tell one from Ireland?

It is now almost a hundred years ago—certainly eighty—since Tom—I declare to Mnemosyne I forget what his surname was, if I ever knew it, which I doubt. It is at least eighty years since Tom emerged from his master's kitchen in Clonmell, to make his way on a visit to foreign countries.

If I can well recollect dates, this event must have occurred at the end of the days of George II. or very close after the accession of George III. because in the course of the narrative it will be disclosed that the tale runs of a Jacobite lord living quietly in Ireland, and that I think must have been sometime between 1740 and 1760—or say '65. Just before the year of the young Pretender's burst, a sharp eye used to be kept upon the 'honest men' in all the three kingdoms; and in Ireland, from the peculiar power which the surveillance attendant on the penal laws gave the government, this sharp eye could not be surpassed in sharpness—that is to say, if it did not choose to wink. Truth, nevertheless, makes us acknowledge that the authorities of Ireland were ever inclined at the bottom of their hearts to countenance lawlessness, if at all recommended by any thing like a noble or a romantic name. And no name could be more renowned or more romantic than that of Ormond.

It is to be found in all our histories well recorded. What are the lines of Dryden?—and Dryden was a man who knew how to make verses worth reading.

And the rebel rose stuck to the house of Ormond for many a day; but it is useless to say more. Even I, who would sing "Lilla bullero bullen a la," if I could, only I can't sing—and who give "The glorious, pious, and immortal memory," because I can toast—even I do not think wrong of the house of Ormond for sticking as it did to the house of Stuart. Of that, too, I have a long story to tell some time or another.

Never mind. I was mentioning all this, because I have not a 'Peerage' by me; and I really do not know who was the Lord Ormond of the day which I take to be the epoch of my tale. If I had a 'Peerage,' I am sure I could settle it in a minute; but I have none. Those, therefore, who are most interested in the affair ought to examine a 'Peerage,' to find who was the man of the time—I can only help them by a hint. My own particular and personal reason for recollecting the matter is this: I am forty, or more—never mind the quantity more—and I was told the story by my uncle at least five-and-twenty years ago. That brings us to the year 1812—say 1811. My uncle—his name was Jack—told me that he had heard the story from Tom himself fifty years before that. If my uncle Jack, who was a very good fellow, considerably given to potation, was precise in his computation of time, the date of his story must have fallen in 1762 or 1763—no matter which. This brings me near the date I have already assigned; but the reader of my essay has before him the grounds of my chronological conjectures, and he can form his opinions on data as sufficiently as myself.

I recur fearlessly to the fact that Tom—whatever his surname may have been—emerged from the kitchen of his master in Clonmell, to make his way to foreign countries.

His master was a very honest fellow—a schoolmaster of the name of Chaytor—a Quaker, round of paunch and red of nose. I believe that some of his progeny are now men of office in Tipperary—and why should they not? Summer school-vacations in Ireland occur in July; and Chaytor—by the bye, I think he was *Tom* Chaytor, but if Quakers have Christian names I am not sure—gave leave to his man Tom to go wandering about the country, He had four, or perhaps five, days to himself.

Tom, as he was described to me by my uncle over a jug of punch, about a quarter of a century ago, was what in his memory must have been a smart-built fellow. Clean of limb, active of hand, light of leg, clear of eye, bright of hair, white of tooth, and two-and-twenty—in short, he was as handsome a lad as you would wish to look upon in a summer's day.—I mention a summer's day merely for its length; for even on a winter's day there were few girls that could cast an eye upon him without forgetting the frost.

So he started for the land of Kilkenny, which is what we used to call in Ireland twenty-four miles from Clonmell.—They have stretched it now to thirty; but I do not find it the longer or shorter in walking or chalking. However, why should we grumble at an act of 'justice to Ireland?' Tom at all events cared little for the distance; and, going it at a slapping pace, he made Kilkenny in six hours. I pass the itinerary. He started at six in the morning, and arrived somewhat foot-worn, but full not only of bread but of wine, (for wine was to be found on country roadsides in Ireland in those days,) in the ancient city of Saint Canice about noon.

Tom refreshed himself at the 'Feathers,' kept in those days by a man named Jerry Mulvany, who was supposed to be more nearly connected with the family of Ormond than the rites of the church could allow; and having swallowed as much of the substantial food and the penitferous fluid that mine host of the Feathers tendered him, the spirit of inquisitiveness, which, according to the phrenologists, is developed in all mankind, seized paramount hold of Tom. Tom—? ay, Tom it must be, for I really cannot recollect his other name.

If there be a guide-book to the curiosities of Kilkenny, the work has escaped my researches. Of the city it is recorded, however, that it can boast of fire without smoke, air without fog, and streets paved with marble. And there's the College, and the bridge, and the ruins of St. John's abbey, and St. Canice, and the Nore itself, and last, not least, the castle of the Ormonds, with its woods and its walks, and its stables and its gallery, and all the rest of it, predominating over the river. It is a very fine-looking thing indeed; and, if I mistake not, John Wilson Croker in his youth wrote a poem to its honor, beginning with

'High on the sounding banks of Nore,'

every verse of which ended with 'the castle,' in the manner of Cowper's 'My Mary,' or Ben Jonson's 'Tom Tossput.'—If I had the poem, I should publish it here with the greatest pleasure; but I have it not. I forget where I saw it, but I think it was in a Dublin magazine of a good many years ago, when I was a junior sophister of T.C.D.

Let the reader, then, in the absence of this document, imagine that the poem was infinitely fine, and that the subject was worthy of the muse. As the castle is the most particular lion of the city, it of course speedily attracted the attention of Tom, who, swaggering in all the independence of an emancipated footman up the street, soon found himself at the gate. 'Rearing himself thereat,' as the old ballad has it, stood a man basking in the sun. He was somewhat declining towards what they call the vale of years in the language of poetry; but by the twinkle of his eye, and the purple rotundity of his cheek, it was evident that the years of the valley, like the lads of the valley, had gone cheerily-o! The sun shone brightly upon his silver locks, escaping from under a somewhat tarnished cocked hat guarded with gold lace, the gilding of which had much deteriorated since it departed from the shop of the artificer; and upon a scarlet waistcoat, velvet certainly, but of reduced condition, and in the same situation as to gilding as the hat. His plum-colored breeches were unbuckled at the knee, and his ungartered stockings were on a downward progress towards his unbuckled shoes. He had his hands—their wrists were garnished with unwashed ruffles—in his breeches pockets; and he diverted himself with whistling 'Charley over the water,' in a state of *quasi*-ruminant quiescence. Nothing could be plainer than that he was a hanger-on of the castle off duty, waiting his time until called for, when of course he was to appear before his master in a more carefully arranged costume.

Ormond Castle was then, as I believe it is now, a show-house, and the visitors of Kilkenny found little difficulty in the admission; but, as in those days purposes of political intrusion might be suspected, some shadow at least of introduction was considered necessary. Tom, reared in the household of a schoolmaster, where the despotic authority of the chief extends a flavor of its quality to all his ministers, exhilarated by the walk, and cheered by the eatables and drinkables which he had swallowed, felt that there was no necessity for consulting any of the usual points of etiquette, if indeed he knew that any such things were in existence.

"I say," said he, "old chap! is this castle to be seen?—I'm told it's a show; and if it is, let's have a look at it."

"It is to be seen," replied the person addressed, "if you are properly introduced."

"That's all hum!" said Tom. "I know enough of the world, though I've lived all my life in Clonmell, to know that a proper introduction signifies a tester. Come, my old snouty, I'll stand all that's right if you show me over it. Can you do it?"

"Why," said his new friend, "I think I can; because, in fact, I am——

"Something about the house, I suppose. Well, though you've on a laced jacket, and I only a plain frieze coat, we are both brothers of the shoulder-knot. I tell you who I am. Did you ever hear of Chaytor the Quaker, the schoolmaster of Clonmell?"

"Never."

"Well, he 's a decent sort of fellow in the *propria quæ maribus* line, and gives as good a buttock of beef to anybody that gets over the threshold of his door as you'd wish to meet; and I am his man,—his valley he sham, head gentleman——"

"Gentleman usher?"

"No, not usher," responded Tom indignantly: "I have nothing to do with ushers; they are scabby dogs of poor scholards, sizards, half-pays, and the like; and all the young gentlemen much prefer me: but I am his *fiddleus Achates*, as master Jack Toler call me,—that's a purty pup who will make some fun some of these days,—his whisk-totum, head cook, and dairy-maid, slush, and butler. What are you here?"

"Why," replied the man at the gate, "I am a butler as well as you."

"Oh! then we're both butlers; and you could as well pass us in. By coarse, the butler must be a great fellow here; and I see you are rigged out in the cast off clothes of my lord. Isn't that true?"

"True enough: he never gets a suit of clothes that it does not fall to my lot to wear it; but if you wish to see the castle, I think I can venture to show you all that it contains, even for the sake of our being two butlers."

It was not much sooner said than done. Tom accompanied his companion over the house and grounds, making sundry critical observations on all he saw therein,—on painting,

architecture, gardening, the sublime and beautiful, the scientific and picturesque,—in a manner which I doubt not much resembled the average style of reviewing those matters in what we now call the best public instructors.

"Rum-looking old ruffians!" observed Tom, on casting his eyes along the gallery containing the portraitures of the Ormonds. "Look at that fellow there all battered up in iron; I wish to God I had as good a church as he would rob!"

"He was one of the old earls," replied his guide, "in the days of Henry VIII.; and I believe he did help in robbing churches."

"I knew it by his look," said Tom: "and there's a chap there in a wilderness of a wig. Gad! he looks as if he was like to be hanged."

"He was so," said the cicerone: "for a gentleman by the name of Blood was about to pay him that compliment at Tyburn."

"Served him right," observed Tom: "and this fellow with the short stick in his hand;—what the deuce is the meaning of that?—was he a constable?"

"No," said his friend, "he was a marshal; but he had much to do with keeping out of the way of constables for some years. Did you ever hear of Dean Swift?"

"Did I ever hear of the Dane? Why, my master has twenty books of his that he 's always reading, and he calls him Old Copper-farthing; and the young gentlemen are quite wild to read some of them wance (once:) but they were all lies, about fairies and giants. Howsoever, they say the Dane was a larned man."

"Well, he was a great friend of that man with the short stick in his hand."

"By dad!" said Tom, "few of the Dane's friends was friends to the Hanover succession; and I'd bet anything that that flourishing-looking lad there was a friend to the Pretender."

"It is likely that if you laid such a bet you would win it.—He was a great friend also of Queen Anne. Have you ever heard of her?"

"Heard of Brandy Nan! To be sure I did—merry be the first night of August! But what's the use of looking at those queer old fools!—I wonder who bothered themselves painting them?"

"I do not think you knew the people;—they were Vandyke, Lely, Kneller."

"I never heard of them in Clonmell," remarked Tom.—"Have you anything to drink?"

"Plenty."

"But you won't get into a scrape? Honor above all: I'd not like to have you do it unless you were sure, for the glory of the cloth."

The pledge of security being solemnly offered, Tom followed his companion through the intricate passages of the castle until he came into a small apartment, where he found a most plentiful repast before him. He had not failed to observe, that, as he was guided through the house, their path had been wholly uncrossed, for, if anybody accidentally appeared, he hastily withdrew. One person only was detained for a moment, and to him the butler spoke a few words in some unknown tongue, which Tom of course set down as part of the Jacobite treason pervading every part of the castle.

"Gad!" said he, while beginning to lay into the round of beef, "I am half inclined to think that the jabber you talked just now to the powder-monkey we met in the corridor was not treason, but beef and mustard: an't I right?"

"Quite so."

"Fall to, then, yourself. By Gad! you appear to have those lads under your thumb—for this is great eating. I suppose you often rob my lord?—speak plain, for I myself rob ould Chaytor the schoolmaster; but there's a difference between robbing a schoolmaster and robbing a lord. I venture to say many a pound of his you have made away with."

"A great many indeed. I am ashamed to say it, that for one pound he has lost by any one else, he has lost a hundred by me."

"Ashamed, indeed! This is beautiful beef. But let us wash it down. By the powers! it is champagne you are giving me? Well, I never drank but one glass of it in my life, and that was from a bottle that I stole out of a dozen which the master had when he was giving a great dinner to the fathers of the boys just before the Christmas holidays the year before last. My service to you. By Gor! if you do not break the Ormonds, I can't tell who should."

"Nor I. Finish your champagne. What else will you have to drink?"

"Have you the run of the cellar?"

"Certainly."

"Why, then, claret is genteel; but the little I drank of it was mortal cold. Could you find us a glass of brandy?"

"Of course:" and on the sounding of a bell there appeared the same valet who had been addressed in the corridor; and in the same language some intimation was communicated, which in a few moments produced a bottle of Nantz, rare and particular, placed before Tom with all the emollient appliances necessary for turning it into punch.

"By all that's bad," said the Clonmellian butler, "but ye keep these fellows to their knitting. This is indeed capital punch. Make for yourself. When you come to Clonmell, ask for me—Tom—at old Chaytor's, the Quaker schoolmaster, a few doors from the Globe. This lord of yours, I am told, is a bloody Jacobite; here's the Hanover succession! but we must not drink that here, for perhaps the old fellow himself might hear us."

"Nothing is more probable."

"Well, then, mum's the word. I'm told he puts white roses in his dog's ears, and drinks a certain person over the water on the tenth of June; but, no matter, this is his house, and you and I are drinking his drink; so, why should we wish him bad luck? If he was hanged, of course I'd go to see him, to be sure; would not you?"

"I should certainly be there."

By this time Tom was subdued by the champagne and the brandy, to say nothing of the hot weather; and the spirit of hospitality rose strong upon the spirit of cognac. His new friend gently hinted that a retreat to his *gite* at the Feathers would be prudent; but to such a step Tom would by no means consent, unless the butler of the castle accompanied him to take a parting bowl. With some reluctance the wish was complied with, and both the butlers sallied forth on their way through the principal streets of Kilkenny, just as the evening was beginning to assume somewhat of a dusky hue. Tom had, in the course of the three hours passed with his new friend, informed him of all the private history of the house of Ormond, with that same regard to veracity which in general characterises the accounts of the births, lives, and educations of persons of the higher classes, to be found in fashionable novels and other works drawn from the communications of such authorities as our friend Tom; and his companion offered as much commentary as is usually done on similar occasions. Proceeding in a twirling motion along, he could not but observe that the principal persons whom they met bowed most respectfully to the gentleman from the castle; and, on being assured that this token of deference was paid because they were tradesmen of the castle, who were indebted to the butler for his good word in their business, Tom's appreciation of his friend's abilities in the art of 'improving' his situation was considerably enhanced. He calculated that if they made money by the butler, the butler made money by them; and he determined that on his return to Clonmell he too would find tradesfolks ready to take hats off to him in the ratio of pedagogue to peer.

The Kilkenny man steadied the Clonmell man to the Feathers, where the latter most potentially ordered a bowl of the best punch. The slipshod waiter stared; but a look from Tom's friend was enough. They were ushered into the best apartment of the house—Tom remarking that it was a different room from that which he occupied on his arrival; and in a few minutes the master of the house, Mr. Mulvany, in his best array, made his appearance, with a pair of wax candles in his hands. He bowed to the earth, as he said,

"If I had expected you, my ——"

"Leave the room," was the answer.

"Not before I order my bowl of punch," said Tom.

"Shall I, my ——"

"Yes," said the person addressed; "whatever he likes."

"Well," said Tom, as Mulvany left the room, "if I ever saw any thing to match that! Is he one of the tradespeople of the castle? This does bate every thing. And, by dad, he's not unlike you in the face, neither! Och! then, what a story I'll have when I get back to Clonmell."

"Well, Tom," said his friend, "I may perhaps meet you there; but good bye for a moment. I assure you I have had much pleasure in your company."

"He's a queer fellow that," thought Tom, "and I hope he'll be soon back. It's a pleasant acquaintance I've made the first day I was in Kilkenny. Sit down, Mr. Mulvany," said he, as that functionary entered, bearing a bowl of punch, "and taste your brewing." To which invitation Mr. Mulvany acceded, nothing loth, but still casting an anxious eye towards the door.

"That's a mighty honest man," said Tom.

"I do not know what you mean," replied the cautious Mulvany; (for 'honest man' was in those days another word for Jacobite.)

"I mane what I say," said Tom; "he's just showed me over the castle, and gave me full and plenty of the best of eating and drinking. He tells me he's the butler."

"And so he is, you idiot of a man!" cried Mulvany. "He's the chief Butler of Ireland."

"What?" said Tom.

"Why, him that was with you just now is the Earl of Ormond."

My story is over—

"And James Fitzjames was Scotland's king."

All the potations pottle-deep, the road-side drinking, the champagne, the cognac, the punch of the Feathers, vanished at once from Tom's brain, to make room for the recollection of what he had been saying for the last three hours. Waiting for no further explanation, he threw up the window, (they were sitting on a ground-floor,) and, leaving Mr. Mulvany to finish the bowl as he pleased, proceeded at a hand-canter to Clonmell, not freed from the apparition of Lord Ormond before he had left Kilcash to the north; and nothing could ever again induce him to wander in the direction of Kilkenny, there to run the risk of meeting his fellow-butler, until his lordship was so safely bestowed in the family vault as to render the chance of collision highly improbable. Such is my *Il Bondocani*.

T. C. D.

From the American Monthly for April.

STANZAS.

IN IMITATION OF THE STYLE OF THE AGE OF ELIZABETH.

Hopes, ye have been school'd
While in your early years,
And thus have 'scaped the fears,
To be hereafter fool'd
Or have your ardor cool'd
By wo, that rules all here
In our sublunar sphere.

Heart! thou art too fond
For one that hopes to rise,
And thou must sacrifice
All thy affections bland,
Nor let them thee withstand,
When thou would'st take a flight
Up to some worldly height.

Ambition! thou art now
To me a welcome guest:
Turmoiling in my breast;
Thou dragons' teeth dost sow
(The seed of future wo,)
Yet marshallest each thought
To that that must be wrought.

Love! I do not know thee,
Thy dart and silken chain
Alike I do disdain,
So go and show thee
To those that bow unto thee;
I laugh thy snares to scorn
For of thee Wo is born.

Fancy! hence avaunt,
For by thy magic ray
Thou 'st led me far astray,
And I should come to want
Did I thy temples haunt—
So Fancy, fare thee well,
With me thou mayst not dwell.

Merchant! count thy gains
And when thou hast the sum
Will it not truly come
To less of gold than pains?
I would not for the stains
Thou hast upon thy mind
Have all thou 'lt leave behind.

Sailor! that dost roam
Upon the troubled wave,
Wherefore dost thou brave
The ocean's rock and foam?
Sailor, come thou home,
For thou wilt find that dross
Will only work thee loss.

Soldier! Mars his son
I would not for untold
Heaps of shining gold
Do what thou hast done;
Nor have the blood of one
Leave stain upon my hand,
Except for native land.

Heart, thus dost thou speak;
But thou canst not know
What thou yet shalt do
When Fate its seals shall break.
Perhaps thou art so weak
That thou shalt be more shamed
Than aught that thou hast named.

THE FIELD OF HEADS.

"Pity 'tis, 'tis true."—Polonius.

We were all in the greatest anxiety. In one hour our fate was to be decided; and while some of us were doomed to pass the winter season in the wildest parts of Turkey, Hungary, &c., others were destined to enjoy all the pleasures that Vienna offers. I was in a sort of nervous excitement, and felt as if already sentenced to transportation for life. No longer so young as to be delighted when shot at at my post from a distance, my heart no longer throbbed with pride when twelve Turks attacked me with their sabres and scimetars, and having felled me to the ground, left me for dead; but my true enthusiasm was not yet extinct; I was still gasping for that thirst-producing food 'glory,' and would earnestly have embraced the first opportunity of appearing as a candidate for honor and promotion. But there was one thing which tied me to Vienna, for which I would have sacrificed every thing. I was no longer in love—I was married! Such a wife as I had!—but it does not become *me* to praise her beauties. Yet this I *will* say: she was all that is found in novels, excepting that her eyes were something brighter.

Our honeymoon was not yet passed—we still were never happier than when alone together; we still praised each other's good qualities; in short, we were happy; and the prospect of those days when the wife thinks the husband a 'bore,' and the husband the wife 'baggage,' and the children 'luggage,'—the thought that such times would arrive (my bachelor friends tell me they will) never entered our minds. We lived for the present—we smiled at the past—we cared not for the future. How can it be thought strange that I did not like to leave my partner, to exchange 'the blessings of domestic happiness' (until—but never mind!) for the wild life of a warrior?—to abandon *soirées*, balls, masquerades, dinners, and all those delights, for a skirmish with Turks!

My wife was very what is called 'fidgety' through the day, and although she said she was certain I was not destined to leave her, still her pale face and her restlessness of manner betrayed her fears.

But the time arrived, and I was condemned to join our regiment, in some Turkish village of twelve syllables, with plenty of 'z's' and 'aitch's, and to return, after having guarded the forepost for six months. I'll skip over all the tears shed by my wife; I'll not mention what and how I felt. We left Vienna three days after, and soon reached our destination.

How different a life did we lead here! The Colonel of the regiment was a friendly and amiable man, and I was a universal favorite; still I longed for my wife, and wished to exchange our noisy drinking bouts for 'our fireside.'

Our whole business was to guard the village from the attacks of the Turks, who usually came at night time; and so well did they conceal their movements, that they invariably overpowered and killed the sentinels before they could give an alarm; and if we were too much on the '*qui vive*,' they were content if they found time to cut off the heads of the sentinels, as their chief paid a ducat for every Christian head. This was a great temptation to the opium-eating Janizzaries, and they often emptied the bottles of wine and brandy of our men, particularly when the moon was entirely obscured, or only in its crescent, for then Allah could not see them and treat them according to their deserts. Our Colonel finding two men insufficient to guard the outpost, augmented his numbers nightly, and at last, s[illegible]g their headless trunks every morning, ordered out tw[illegible]y men under the command

of an officer; this number was rather too large, and the Turks kept the peace for some time.

There was in our camp a gipsy, whose prophecies were listened to by the privates of the regiment as oracles, and they said that she never once promised them any thing that did not take place. In many instances the veracity of this assertion was proved to me, and at last I determined that I would have my 'fortune told,' cost what it would. I went to her tent accordingly, and found her. She was a little, shrivelled, grey-haired hag, and could not have been mistaken for an honest person by Lavater himself. I never saw a physiognomy that spoke in more plain letters the qualities of the soul. She fixed her sharp little eyes upon me with a most demon-like expression.

"You would have your fortune told, Herr Lieutenant?" inquired she, in broken German. "Very well; stay here—I will consult my tablets."

She left the tent, and returning in a few moments, asked me to sign a bond, promising her, in case her prophecy came true, two hundred ducats; and in case it did not, she engaged herself to give me two Arabian horses, and five dozen of Tokay, which was then a very scarce and expensive wine. I altered the two hundred ducats into fifty, and told her that I needed no more than the Tokay for myself if her prophecy turned out false. She grumbled, but at length consented, and murmuring some words which I could not understand, but which sounded very like 'hocus-pocus, perriwiggus,' she exclaimed, "*Beware of the second of August! you will never behold the sun of the third!*" So saying, she bade me begone; and throwing a ducat into her thin yellow hand, I returned to my tent.

I confided the prophecy to the Colonel, who laughed heartily at me for giving a ducat to an impostor; but it made an impression on me that I could not dispel. I am not superstitious, but somehow I could not forget her words. "*The second of August! You will never see the sun of the third!*" That day was three weeks off; and after a little while I forgot the circumstance, and felt ashamed of having credited her.

The attacks of the Turks again commenced, and having been forced to send fifty men to guard the out-post one night, we found them minus forty-nine heads in the morning, only one private having escaped. He related that at twelve o'clock they had suddenly been attacked from all sides by three times their number of Turks, and in a few moments they were all slain. This one man had been wounded, and crawling from the field, carried away his own head as personal property. It was evident that all our movements were observed by the foe, while we were quite ignorant of theirs; but we could not detect any spy, and the Colonel next day ordered a detachment of a hundred men to the out-posts. This was rather too large a number to be made headless, and weeks passed on without a fresh attack of the enemy. The first of August arrived, and now the old gipsy's prophecy fell upon my mind again with a thousand fears. But my comrades again laughed at me for my superstition, and on the second I arose and resolved to be gay. If I was not so, I at least had the appearance, and the day passed on without my assassination taking place. I was walking on the parade in the evening, as the detachment of a hundred men was proceeding to the out-post. I then thought that if the hag had predicted my death taking place on the fifth instead of the second, there would have been some chance, as it was then my turn to lead the piquet to 'the field of heads,' as the regiment termed that spot; but as it was, two officers had to go there before me. The drum beat, and the men stood under arms, when it was announced to us that the Captain who was to lead them to their post had been suddenly taken ill. Lieutenant M. was asked next, but scarcely had he mounted his horse when it bounded so violently that the experienced horseman was thrown, and remained senseless on the ground. It now came to my turn. I confess I felt rather uncomfortable. The prophecy, I felt assured, was not false. I scribbled my will, gave up my effects into the hands of my Colonel, (not forgetting the fifty ducats owing to the hag in case of what she predicted taking place,) took a tender farewell of my friends and comrades, and set off to the 'field of heads.'

It was a very dark night, and we expected a severe storm before long. The whole piquet was very well armed, each man having a sword, a brace of pistols, and a short gun; they wore helmets and breast-plates, and were mounted on magnificent horses, quite prepared for an attack from the Turks, who usually made their appearance between twelve and one o'clock. This time passed, and already I began to blush at my own fears, when a cry of 'Allah!' fell upon my ear like thunder, and in a few moments we were surrounded by a superior force of the detested 'headsmen.' All our fire-arms were immediately discharged, but without effect, and in less than five minutes our force was overpowered; there was a fatal unanimity—we all fell. I myself received a severe sabre-cut on my forehead and shoulder, and fell under my horse. Knowing well how vain resistance would be, I lay quite still, concealed by my noble Arabian steed, which had been wounded as well as myself; and there, to my sorrow, I plainly heard my foes conversing together in the Turkish language, which I understand, although I cannot speak it. I also saw how they went round to 'every body's body,' and cutting off the heads, counted them, not as *heads*, but as ducats, as they threw them into bags ready provided. After having searched all over the field, they stood in a circle, and each told the officer how many heads he had in his bag.

"One of you," said this little crooked opium-eating individual (the officer,) "one of you is cheating. There is a head wanting; there should be a hundred, and there are only ninety-nine. Which of you is a rogue?"

None of the Turks replied, and the leader told them that the best way of finding out if there were rogues among them, was to search, which prudent advice they followed; and while walking about, one of them trod upon my horse,—it made a convulsive movement, and freed me. Close to me was the body of a Turk, I immediately put on his turban, and walked as well as I could across the field, to a marsh overgrown with weeds, behind which I concealed myself. Here, from loss of blood and the exposure of my wounds, I fainted, and when I awoke from my swoon I could not rise; crawling on my legs and arms, however, I soon reached the battle-field, and there I beheld ninety-nine of the bravest men that ever graced my country, lying headless, while but very few Turks had been sacrificed. At last I gathered my utmost powers, arose with an effort, and was crossing the field, when I beheld a Turk of gigantic size, who, drunk with opium, had spent the night on the "field of heads." He approached me while I could scarcely stand firm, and drawing his scimetar, bade me stand still.

"Let me put back your shirt collar," exclaimed he, with the utmost *sang froid*, as he prepared to place me in an attitude best fitted to strike my head at a blow. "There! Now stand still, and it will soon be over!" Unable to defend myself, I stood resigned to my fate; but suddenly recollecting that I had a purse about me, I offered it to him. "I'll have that and your head too," was the civil reply. I offered him my watch and some ornaments I carried about me. "Those I will have and your head too," was all he designed to utter; and these would most probably have been the last words I should have heard in this world, had not my eye accidentally fallen on my wedding ring: this recalled me to my senses.—The thought of leaving that lovely being to combat with the "mighty storm of strife,"—her beauty—her love,—these had attractions in them that made me resolve not yet to bid a last farewell. Whilst my eye vacantly stared around, as if seeking for aid, it fell upon something that glistened in the girdle of the Turk. He had raised his arm; he was about to strike; I stooped, and heard the blade whizzing over my head through the air; and before he had time to renew his murderous effort, I grasped at the object in his girdle that had attracted my attention—it was a small iron hammer—and, drawing it forth, I arrested his arm with one hand, while, with the hammer in the other, I struck him a blow on the forehead: he staggered: I repeated the blow, and uttering a curse, he fell to ground—dead.

Having strengthened myself with a draught from one of my comrades's brandy bottles, I crept or walked as I could towards the camp; and when it was in view I beheld the sun rising. This recalled to my mind the prophecy of the gypsy, which, but for a mere accident, *would* have turned out true—but it did not.

For three weeks I lay in the hospital, and, on leaving it, the first person I met was the gipsy. I confess I was tempted to run away from her; but seeing that she carried a basket, containing wine, in her hand, I paused. She gave me the five dozen of Today, and, on my request, accompanied me to my tent, where I was cordially congratulated on my escape and recovery. Just at that moment several deserters from the Turkish army entered, and in the fortune-telling hag recognized a spy employed by the Turks. The mystery was now explained: she had herself acquainted the enemy with all our movements, and thence their success. She was sentenced to be shot accordingly; and we urged her to confess how it happened that the two officers had met with accidents when about to leave the camp. This she refused unless her life was granted. This was, under stipulations, at last promised, and she at length confessed that every movement of ours had been communicated to the Turks by her, and that she had, on my coming to her, told them to make no attacks until the second of the month; that she had made a mistake, thinking it was my turn to lead the detachment; but, on finding out her error, she had put some drugs in the wine of one of the officers, and, on the other being about to mount his horse, she had contrived to slip a piece of lighted tinder under its tail.

The Turks never after attacked the sentinels of the out-posts; and in a few weeks I returned to Vienna, where the Emperor was much amused at the relation of the story, while my wife was affectionately alarmed as I related my "hair-breadth 'scape." Never again had I my fortune told, and I almost lost a legacy by refusing to let my maiden aunt call my eldest daughter by her own name—Sibyl!

E. B. F.

HORNE, THE BIBLICAL CRITIC.—I dined with Rev. T. HARTWELL HORNE—a name well known throughout the theological world. This extraordinary man was a book-seller's clerk, at a small salary. He distinguished himself by his industry, won the notice of a reverend Bishop, and was employed to make some indexes to a large work, which were done so well, that he was handsomely paid, and went to Cambridge and completed his education with the fruits of his labors. His celebrated 'Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures,' in four large volumes, was the work of twenty years, and was all done in the night, after the business of the day was over. It is acknowledged to be the most accurate, comprehensive, and valuable work of the kind in the language. Fifteen thousand copies have been sold in England, and as many more in the United States, and yet the three first editions scarcely cleared expenses; the third produced him about one hundred and fifty pounds for the labor of twenty years! Mr. Horne is now engaged at the British Museum in preparing a catalogue of that immense collection.—He is a living monument of industry and perseverance. He is rather small in stature, remarkably neat in his personal appearance, and quite active and robust, though now somewhat advanced, and gray-headed. His manner is free, cordial, and business-like. The moment he speaks, you are at once relieved of all embarrassment, and feel that you are talking to a friend—a plain, kind-hearted, unassuming friend. His wife and daughter are just like him. They spoke of the many Americans who had called on them—Bishops Chase, M'Ilvaine, Hobart, Dr. Wheaton, E. D. Griffin, Dr. Jarvis, and Rev. Mr. Potter, formerly of Boston. In fact they knew more about some of the states than I did. Mrs. Horne said she could always detect an American by the word *possible* and *possibly*. They (the English) say instead, *perhaps*, or *indeed*. I was pleased to find many American books in the library, and seated myself there with Mr. H. after dinner, while he wrote his sermon for the same afternoon. He completed it in about an hour, besides talking to me the while; and a good little sermon it was too, for I went with them to hear it. The parsonage-pew is close to the desk. The clerk drawled out the service in a most monotonous and pompous tone, which was really ludicrous. There was also a curate to read prayers, besides Mr. H. It seems, that in England each church must have a rector, curate, and clerk. Mr. Horne's manner in the pulpit is meek, persuasive, and engaging. He uses the best words, and no more than are necessary. Yet he would never be called a *great* preacher. His talents are more useful than showy.

Knickerbocker.

STORY OF A HEAD.

* * * "For the love of good old port," exclaimed Parallel, as if a'armed, "let me beg of you not to gibbet me in your consarn. But I'm not afraid of it; book-making requires some head-piece; there's nothing to be done without a head, nor ever has been."

"I must differ with you there, Mr. Parallel," said Seymour, unobtrusively; "for I myself saw a very difficult thing done literally without a head."

"Galvanised, I suppose," uttered the doctor in a tone of inquiry; "the power of the battery is wonderful."

"There assuredly was a battery, doctor," responded the lieutenant, laughing; "and a very heavy one, too. But the event I'm speaking of had no connexion with galvanism; it was sheer muscular motion."

"Out with it, Seymour."—"Let's have it, by all means."—"It will be an incident for Nugent."—"Out with it!" burst forth simultaneously from all.

"It certainly is curious," said the first lieutenant, assuming much gravity of countenance, "and happened when I was junior luff of the old Sharksnose. We were running into Rio Janeiro man-o'-war fashion, with a pennant as long as a purser's account at the mast-head, and a spanking ensign hoisted at the gaff-end, with a fly that would have swept all the sheep off of the Isle of Wight. Away we gallop'd along, when a shot from Santa Cruz, the three-deck'd battery at the entrance, came slap into our bows. 'Tell him we're pretty well, thanky,' shouted the skipper; and our jolly first, who took his meaning, literally pointed the fokstle gun, clapp'd the match to the priming, and off went the messenger, which struck the sentry, who was pacing his post, right between the shoulders, and whipt off his head as clean as you would snap a carrot. He was a stout-made, powerful-looking man, and by sheer muscular motion, as I said before, his head flew up from his body at least a fathom and a half, and actually descended upon the point of his bayonet, where it stuck fast, and the unfortunate fellow walked the whole length of the rampart in that way; nor was it till he got to the turn, and was steering round to come back again, that he discovered the loss of his head, when, according to the most approved practice in similar surgical cases, he fell to the ground. It was sheer muscular motion, gentlemen—sheer muscular motion."

"He would, no doubt, have been a good mussulman, Seymour, if he had been a Turk." said his lordship.

"He couldn't come the right-about face," said Peabody, "having lost his head. It would have been a comical sight to have seen him present arms. Pray did he come to the present?"

"No, nor yet to the recover, I'll be sworn," observed Plumstone; "no doubt he grounded his arms and his head too."

Bentley's Miscellany.

THOUGHTS.—It is well to prostrate ourselves in the dust, when we have committed a fault; but it is not well to remain there.

There are tears which can be shed by those only who have elevated hearts, as the source of mighty streams is found on mountains which neighbor upon heaven.

Chateaubriand.

A SNAKE STORY.

Start not, gentle reader; the story I am about to tell is not intended to shock delicate nerves, nor yet to shed much light on natural history. Though it be a snake story, and may breathe of deadly and poisonous fangs and glittering scales, yet I am free to say its point and tendency is exclusively political; and if you can't trace in it at least a useful moral, why then my labor is lost, and 'there are no snakes.'

Once upon a time, (and that time is now not many years past,) a magnificent snake, a native born *rattle*-snake, (the only snake, by the way, not deserving the appellation of '*reptile*,') was seen winding his way across his native fields—head up—full of intelligence; tail up, too—full of rattles. He was the admiration and just pride of the whole neighborhood. There was an air of boldness, daring and magnanimity in his composition; and as he drew his glittering form along in undulating movements, and anon turned to bask him in the sun's ray, he seemed to carry assurance that he felt and knew there was not another snake in the wide creation that could hold a rattle to him.

But this noble specimen of creation was doomed, alike with all sublunary things, to undergo a revolution—he was in fact called on '*to experience an experiment;*' and it was something after this wise: On the day alluded to, his snakeship was seen to stop in the middle of his native field, by a violent altercation between his extremes—'head' and 'rattle;' and as it assumed the form of dialogue, we thus give it:

Rattles—(after a most tremendous racket.)—Stop, Mr. Head, we follow no more. We have followed you now for many years, and according to democratic usage, 'turn and turn about is fair play.'

Head.—Gentlemen of the Rattle, why this turmoil?—what is the difficulty? Is there any danger abroad? Is an enemy approaching, or an incautious intruder? Shall I prepare the deadly fang to strike or to threaten?—for this is my duty when I hear your timely rattle.

Rattles.—No, we know of neither; but we think that as you have led so long, and we have followed, it is high time for us to take the lead, and let you follow for a time—'whiz, whiz, whiz.' Do you hear that, master Head? We have come to the conclusion that you are an aristocrat; and as we outnumber you at least in noise and rattles, we should take the lead—that's all.

Head.—Well, gentlemen, I submit; but mark what I say: The great disposer of events, long, long before Crockett's day, determined that where the brain was, there should the head be; and that therefore true wisdom decided that the course should be 'go a-head.' But you say, 'go a-tail.' Well, be it so; experience, after all, is a useful schoolmaster. If, however, you find that taking the lead and guidance has not its pains and responsibilities, quite equal to the pleasure it affords, remember that you are now told as much, with sincere hopes that no worse will come of the *experiment*.

Rattles.—Ha, ha, ha, Master *Head!* You know much, but you are to learn much yet. We, who can make so much noise, must surely have some sense—where there is much smoke there must be some fire. We'll teach you matters you have yet to learn, Master Head. Whiz, whiz, whiz.

Head.—I doubt it not, gentlemen; but while you attempt to teach wisdom, I hope you will learn it: remember we are on smooth soft grass now—don't be deceived by first movement. In this case we don't say as the French do, that it is "the first step which determines."

Here the dialogues ended for a time, and after a most tremendous "Whizzing," the snake moved onward, tail first—rattle, rattle, rattle, it went, tail on end, across the green field, and presently approached a stone fence; through this it had gone in times past often, but by some accident, (perhaps,) it took the wrong hold, and got jammed—it stopped, and rigged, and twisted, and squirmed, and the scales gritted against the obstructing stones, and then it stopped again, and all was silence.

The dialogue, at length, was renewed.

Head.—Gentlemen of the body police, what is the matter there among you?

Rattles.—Just step back a little, we have got a little jammed, that's all—only a trifle.

Head.—But, gentlemen, how is this? Did I ever ask this of you? No, no—go on; I can't say "go ahead," but go on.

Then followed a most energetic twisting, and squirming, and gritting of scales, but no advance. One *rattled*, and another *whizzed*, and at length a voice, not before heard, proceeded from the centre—the very bowels of his snakeship—it was in a low but firm tone, and spoke decisively.

Centre.—Gentlemen of *brains*—and gentlemen of the rattle, it is not often that our voice is heard, but when we speak we expect to be heard; situated as we are and caring little for the *distinction* sought for by extremes, we are yet so bound up in the general destiny of the body politic, the whole commonwealth, that we can't remain silent when the best interests are at stake.

We make short speeches and no flourish; we all perform our functions or should do so, as *common sense*, the great mother of wisdom directs. We are dependent on each other; without *brains* of what use would be *rattles;* and without *rattles* what use would be *brains;* and tho' we speak in modesty, what would become of both of you, without *us* the very centre and belly of the *commonwealth?* We then, to use a common or uncommon phrase, standing as we do, "in medio tutissimus ibis," call you to regard our common destiny; and to reflect upon our present condition; "*an experiment*" has been made and where are we? So long as *brains* led us, we were well off; but "*let well alone*" was a forgotten doctrince and *tail first*, or "rattles end foremost" was the word; and here we are, jammed in a stone fence. Does it become us to war against nature for the mere pride of opinion? It may suit you, but it does not suit us, and therefore we determine and decide for all; and that decision is, "*Go ahead.*"

Gazette.

PARIS, AND HER RESIDENT FOREIGNERS.—A writer in a late number of the London Metropolitan avers that the prevailing spirit of the Parisians, at present is economy: and that the pomp, splendor, luxury and ostentation of the capital, are exhibited almost exclusively by foreigners, such as "American purser Col. Thorn, and the Spanish stock-broker Agundo; by the Delmares, Hopes, Tufnakins, Demidoffs, Rothschilds, and Welleses." And that the gaieties of Paris are "the brilliant banquets of the Thorns, the splendid concerts of the Ferraras, and the witty coteries of Lady Keith." The autocrats of the Parisian society, he affirms, are the foreigners who rule it with a sceptre of gold; and truly, if his descriptions are correct, not the sceptre only is of gold, but the very box in which it is put away when not in use. The magnificent hotel (not house of accommodation for travellers, according to the use of the word with us, but private residence) of Baron Rothschild, is called Solomon's Temple, in reference to its gorgeousness; and it is declared to be covered with gold leaf, from the basement to the attic story. The gilding of each door cost a hundred guineas, and of every arm-chair fifty. And the very hearth-rugs of the Yankee *burgeois gentilhomme*, as Colonel Thorn is irreverently entitled, are said to be decorated with fringes of gold bullion!

THE COUNTRYMAN AND HIS SADDLE OF VENISON.—The Exeter News Letter relates the following excellent anecdote:—"A countryman from the Northern part of the state, once called upon Gov. Wentworth at Portsmouth, and begged his acceptance of a saddle of venison. The Governor loved venison, and smiled most gracefully upon Jonathan as he accepted the present, and thanked him for so acceptable a mark of his respect. But the man hemm'd, and scratched his head, and was in no hurry to depart. The errand was but half done. His excellency inquired of him, if he could in any way be of service to him, when Jonathan informed him that there was no Ensign in the militia company at ——— and he would be *dreadfully* obliged to his Governorship for a commission. The Governor would be very happy to oblige him, if he had the proper recommendations; and asked if the company had elected him for their Ensign, or sent any evidence of their wish for his appointment? "Why, no, may it please your Excellency's Honor," said Jonathan, "there are only two other men in the town but myself, and one of them is the Captain, and the other the Lieutenant, and they exercise me and manœuvre me so much that I am really afeard if I'm not made an ensign pretty soon, they'll drill me to death."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—A splendid restorateur has just been opened in the upper part of the city, where boiled water-melons, served up with horse-radish and grated hasty-pudding, form the most conspicuous item on the bill of fare.

A barber, who has been much plagued with interlopers who were in the habit of coming into his shop to be shaved and telling him to 'charge it,' after the performance of the operation, has nearly broken the custom by asking his customers for their pay as soon as one side of the face is shaved. If they do not pony up, he leaves the unshaven cheek *in statu quo*, and hastens the gentleman's departure from his premises as fast as possible. But the barber had one applicant who took the matter very easily. As he went into the street with one side of his face in the predicament aforesaid, he turned back to the barber and exclaimed, "I don't care, for I can get the other cheek shaved for half price, so I have made three cents out of you, after all."

We have lately seen a knife of many blades, which, in addition to a cork-screw, gimlet and bodkin, contains a hair-brush, a boot-jack, and a season ticket to a theatre.

A parson in a neighboring village spins out the last half of his sermon by singing Yankee Doodle over and over until the time for dismissing the congregation has arrived. He gives as a reason for this, that his hearers are all asleep before his sermon is half finished, and that it would be a wasting of the good things of Providence to throw away pious exhortation upon men and women who could not hear him.

A ship from Liverpool sailed so fast as to run out of her copper, which last preserved its form entire, and arrived at New York with the passengers, who deserted the ship, preferring to trust to the great copper dish instead of a ship which, like a snake, had so strangely shed its skin. Among the passengers was the celebrated Flying Dutchman, who has come to see the President.

Boston Eglantine.

AUTUMN LIVERY.—Howitt says—"What is called the *fading* of the leaf, ought rather to be called the *binding* of the leaf."

THE GLOOM OF PADUA.—I have attempted in many passages to describe an Italian city, but I am at a loss to bring before an untravelled English imagination, the deep gloom of the many noble, though narrow, streets, of Padua. The houses in this city are mostly very lofty, many of them magnificently enriched with stone and marble mouldings, and most beautifully wrought pilasters, and having high balconies and marble balustrades in front of the first, and sometimes of the second floors, and many latticed windows with gildings and copings, and curious borders of chiselled marble. The ground floors generally recede, so as to leave room for the piazzas which run the length of most of the streets in Padua, on both sides—long piazzas, or arcades, into which no cheerful sun-beam ever enters, which always wear a dark, deserted air, because, unless in case of now and then a shop or store, very few of the ground floors are ever occupied. Hence, nothing but the grated windows of empty rooms, or great wide door-ways leading into comfortless halls and courts, encounter the eye of the solitary passenger; for so few are the feet of those who tread these streets, that I have frequently looked the whole length of an arcade, of the extent of many hundred feet, and not seen one human being. Who shall say how well fitted are these lone piazzas for such deeds as shun the light of day?

Mrs. Sherwood's "Monk of Cimies."

DEATH NOT FROM DRINKING BUT EATING TEA.—One of the late London papers tells us a story of a young man, who came to his death by eating tea. He was an assistant in a tea store, and was in the habit of taking a few leaves of tea in his mouth when weighing that article, by which means he imperceptibly introduced so much into his stomach, that it became an accumulation in the smaller intestines. He was for a long period under medical care, but his ailment could not be discovered. On leaving for the sake of his health, he was better, but on returning to his employment, he became again indisposed, and suffered great pain, until inflammation produced death. On a post mortem inspection, the cause of death was discovered, to the astonishment of his medical attendants, which must prove a warning to all tea eaters.

SCENE AT A TAVERN.—'I say, old friend, why did you drop that paper so suddenly when the editor stepped in, ha?' 'Ah!' I had good cause for so doing; for you see I am about fifty years old, and have lived here all my life, and never subscribed for a newspaper but *one* year, and—I have not *paid* for that *yet!*' 'Ah! but what of that?—some subscribers *never* pay at all.' 'Ah! yes, I know, but you see I'm ashamed to let them know that I read.'

CHEAP TRAVELLING.—The Philadelphia Saturday Chronicle says a friend has given them his bill at a tavern in the western part of Wisconsin. It reads thus:

"Mr. ——— to Dr.

To 2 suppers, 2 lodgings, 2 breakfasts, 3 pecks of oats, $6."

"What," said our friend, "only 6 dollars?"

"Oh," replied the landlord, "as we had no hay for your horses, and as you slept in the bed of our black man, who has gone out to buy some dogs of the Indians, I have been rather moderate, and hope you will say a word in our favor when you get in the vicinity of the newspapers."

Mr. Russell's Concert.—The lovers of harmony have thrice assembled in force at the City Hotel to enjoy the 'concord of sweet sounds,' as elicited and combined by Mr. H. Russell, a young but gifted aspirant for musical eminence who, having resided in Canada and in Rochester since he bade adieu to his native England, has recently taken up his abode among us. We attended the later of these Concerts on Wednesday evening, and found the large hall of the City Hotel densely filled half an hour before the time fixed for commencing, and numbers still arriving. Every seat was occupied, and many remained standing throughout. Mr. Russell was assisted by Mrs. Franklin, Mrs. Scott, Messrs. Edwin, Schlesinger, Downe and Harrison; but it would be idle to deny that his own vocal efforts formed the attraction of the evening. Several of his songs are new to us or nearly so—as 'Wind of the Winter Night, whence comest thou?' 'The Brave old Oak,' 'Come, Brothers, Arouse,' and 'The Fine old Englishgentleman,' all which he gives with great spirit and effect. The charm of his singing (to us) lies in its manly strength and feeling, even more than in its consummate science and taste. That he is destined to be a general and decided favorite here is rather a record than a prediction.

In the present dearth of musical talent among us—when Mrs. Austin, Miss Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Wood and Brough have all withdrawn from our shores,—such an acquisition as Mr. Russell has proved will not be lightly prized, and we trust no circumstance will deprive us of his talent for years.

Grand Musical Soiree.—Mr. J. L. Downe, Professor of the Flute, will give a Concert at the City Hotel on Monday evening next, assisted by Messrs. Russell, Dempster, E. Kendall, King, Ensign, Mrs. Franklin, and the celebrated Boston Band. Mr. Russell will sing 'The Brave old Oak,' and 'Come, Brothers, Arouse,' and Master Ensign 'The Sea'—music by Neukomm. It needs no prophet to predict an overflowing audience.

"New-Orleans Commercial Bulletin."—A new daily journal so styled has just made its appearance, on a smaller sheet than is generally used by the commercial dailies, and conducted by an association of practical printers. The first number evinces spirit and taste.

THE NEW-YORKER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1837.

The Usury Laws.—We have already intimated the change which the experience and observation not less than the reflection of the past year have wrought in our opinions regarding Usury. In opposition to our early, uniform, and cherished impressions, we have taken our stand on the side of the laws forbidding and punishing the exaction of excessive interest, deeming them just, politic, and imminently necessary to the protection of industry, capacity and enterprise from the absorbing, monopolizing grasp of capital. We preach no canting crusades against the rich; we profess no exclusive sympathy for the poor. Fully convinced that the restriction of interest to a rate which properly regulated business can afford to pay is highly conducive and even essential to the well-being of the community, we shall henceforth advocate the proposition as frankly and positively as though we had never been of a contrary opinion.

Probably more has been published and read touching the propriety and policy of Usury Laws within the last six months than during any previous six years. Of the numerous essays on the subject, however, Jeremy Bentham's celebrated Defence of Usury on the one hand and the strictures of 'A Rhode Islander' (first published in the 'Express') on the other, seem by common consent to rank first. Mr. Bentham's treatise is labored, ingenious, and on some minor points unanswerable; yet its perusal effectually alienated us from the faith which it aims to inculcate. Although theoretical throughout and arguing in opposition to the settled conviction and uniform action of the civilized world, it relies on narrow views of particular instances instead of discussing the question on broad, general principles. It seems to carry this palpable sophistry from beginning to end—that because an individual who should singly be prohibited from paying over seven per cent. per annum, might not obtain money on better terms than though no such restriction existed, therefore it must be better for all borrowers that all lenders be permitted to charge the highest interest they can get! To state this fallacy plainly is a sufficient refutation. A. borrows of B. and pays him, not what he has made by the use of the money, or what would of itself be a temptation to B. to part with it, but generally what is its current market value. If the law says that only seven per cent. per annum shall be exacted, the actual rate will very generally be near that point; and we are convinced that if the legal rate were twelve per cent. the current rate would very seldom fall below it. True, there is some limit to what may be termed the unregulated rate; but that limit is generally the ability of the borrower. If fifty per cent. could ordinarily be realized from the investment of money in business, who does not know that the current rate of interest—law being out of the way—would be very near that point, and quite as often above as below it? Does any one ask why it should not be? We answer, because capital would thus engross all the profits of business and labor, and multiplying itself enormously without a tendency to diffusion, would soon divide the community virtually into lords and slaves. But is it urged that the legal rate is often too low?—Then let the capitalist employ his money in one of the thousand channels that remain open to him. It is not necessity which impels him to trade in money alone—that is all on the side of the borrower. The public good demands that money be loaned at reasonable rates or not at all; and if all who seek gain would but employ their means in the prosecution of legitimate and productive business, there would be fewer who need to borrow as well as fewer usurers to minister to their necessities.

The essay of 'A Rhode Islander' seems to us an extinguisher to controversy on the whole subject. Let this and Mr. Bentham's treatise be placed together in the hands of any number of readers, and we cannot deem it possible that one-fourth of them, not blinded by personal interest, would decide in favor of the latter. The one seems the embodied experience and reflection of a practical man—the other the cobweb theories of a dreamer. 'A Rhode Islander,' though disdaining to upbold the men of straw which the philosopher has set up for the pleasure of knocking them down, has left untouched no single plausible argument in defence of usury advanced by Mr. Bentham. The fundamental assumption of the free-trader that money is worth whatever it will command, and that the owner has a natural and indefeasible right to use it accordingly, is shown to be fallacious. It has always seemed to us sufficient on this head, if the debated exercise of power is proved prejudicial to the welfare of the community. No man so fully owns or possesses any property that he may employ or use it in opposition to the public weal. He may not wantonly torture his own beasts, burn his own house, or poison his own well, though he has reared the first, built the second, and dug the last. It is held a misdemeanor if he squander his property at the gaming-table, however honestly he may have obtained it. The right of possession, even, is subject to the overruling necessities of the state; much more that of disposal. But 'A Rhode Islander' goes beyond this, and shows that money is not properly a commodity to be bought and sold like any other harmless product of human industry, but a creature of government to all intents and purposes, invested by government with extraordinary powers, yet so invested for a specific purpose—viz. the establishment of a common standard of value and medium of exchange—and confided to individuals expressly to subserve that purpose.—The right of government to control the use of property so constituted, it is thence very fairly argued, is much stronger than in the case of property which is entirely the product of individual enterprise and industry. Let government constitute the farmer's grain and the manufacturer's cloth a legal tender for the satisfaction of all debts, and it would surely have additional right to control their possessors in the exercise of this superadded and incalculable power.

Nothing can be more conclusive than the Rhode Islander's refutation of the sage maxim of shallow political theorists that 'trade will regulate itself'—in other words, that the avarice of the usurer will naturally incline him to lend his money at seven per cent. when he knows he can exact seventy! Regulate itself, indeed! Government is founded on the notorious truth that the strong will oppress the weak unless the law interposes for their protection. The borrower is too often at the mercy of the lender, as much so as if he were bound and a knife at his throat. The docrine that 'a man may do what he likes with his own,' is not a doctrine of Christianity, social order, or civilization. His right extends no farther than is consistent with justice and the highest good of the community. The law will not enforce an oppressive contract entered into by an imprisoned debtor with his relentless creditor, on the ground that the parties were not relatively in a situation to make a binding contract; why, then, should it pursue the oppressed and struggling merchant or mechanic whom the calamities of the times have driven into the clutches of remorseless usury?

We will not now examine the subject in all its bearings, but glance at a few of the arguments in favor of unrestricted usury. The assumption that it would make money cheaper, is contradicted by universal experience. In England, Holland, and France, where usury laws have been long in operation, ninety-nine loans in a hundred are made at or below five per cent. The few exceptions scarcely affect the course of business or the value of money. But in China and India, where no restrictions exist, twenty per cent. per annum and two per cent. a month are the usual rates. Money lenders are many and ravenous, and usury eats up the product of industry.—Such is the universal complaint. So will it ever be. 'Money is power'—resistlessly so—and makes instead of finding its own level.

There is doubtless truth in the cavil that usury, when practised in defiance of the laws, sometimes exacts a higher rate than if no laws existed, as a premium of insurance on the risk; but on the other hand, the usurer may be deterred from exacting the utmost farthing by the consideration that he has but a doubtful legal or moral hold on the borrower. But were this not the case, we might as well argue that piracy should not be punished because a dread of detection often urges the freebooter to murder, as that usury should not be discountenanced because its evils are sometimes aggravated by the very measures intended to counteract it.

It is rather singular that money-lenders should so generally labor for the repeal of the usury laws while they assert that their operation only serves to make money scarcer and interest higher. We have great faith in disinterested benevolence, but this is an instance which rather exercises than strengthens it. The truth is, that—putting law out of the question—the owner of ten thousand dollars may double them every second year by unscrupulous usury, and in times like these in one year. We speak advisedly, and with reference to the rates at which money is borrowed. But double the time, and we say four years is too soon for ten thousand dollars to become twenty thousand, without any exertion or risk on the part of the leader. The history of the world establishes the fact that unchecked usury, in an active, adventurous community, rapidly engrosses to itself all the profits of enterprise and the products of industry with an unerring and fatal certainty. To the law alone can we look for efficient protection from the devouring fangs of heartless and calculating avarice.

And this brings us to the proposition with which we will conclude these desultory observations—viz. that it is the direct and vital interest of every one not possessed of a considerable share of this world's goods, to take his stand on the side of the legal repression of usury. It is a great mistake to suppose that none but those who borrow or lend money are interested in this matter. Every man who produces any thing to be exchanged for the commodities of others—every man who buys an article of manufacture or merchandise—is as fully if not so obviously affected. If money be worth thirty per cent. the importing merchant must charge at least fifty advance on the goods which he sells on a year's credit, and this must eventually be paid by the consumer. The mechanics and laborers of our cities must pay a corresponding rent for their dwellings, and so of every thing else. The question involved is essentially this—Shall labor and enterprise pay an annual tax of seven per cent. on their products to capital, or shall it be increased to three or four times as much? Repeal the usury laws, and every dollar will be worth twice as much as formerly. The nominal value of property may decline, but its real value will be greatly, dangerously enhanced. The man who inherited from his father the accumulated product of ten thousand days' labor in property may be called worth fifteen instead of twenty thousand dollars, but his annual revenue therefrom—no matter what may be the amount in money—will be inevitably and largely increased. Let no specious sophistry, no flashy generalities about the invincible laws of trade, deceive the great producing interest in relation to this matter. It deeply concerns all who enjoy or consume any thing produced or rendered valuable by the labor of others, and well does it become all to give careful heed to it.

New-York City Election.—The Charter Election in our city commenced on Tuesday morning of this week and closed at sundown on Thursday, in the complete success of the Opposition. The votes are not all counted, (12 o'clock on Friday,) but enough is known to ensure the election of Alderman Clark as Mayor by something like 4,000 majority over Hon. John I. Morgan. Our rough estimate of the aggregate vote for Mayor is as follows: Clark 17,000, Morgan 13,000, Jaques 4,000. The Whigs and Native Americans have carried their entire tickets, we hear, in the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Seventh, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Wards, giving them a clear majority of the Common Council. The Twelfth and Sixteenth, certainly, and the Sixth and Ninth, very probably, have been carried by their 'regular Democratic' opponents. In the Tenth, the combined Whig and Loco-Foco ticket is carried by a great majority. The Seventeenth is claimed to have been carried by the Whigs by 40 majority. The Eleventh is also claimed to have been carried by the Whigs by a small majority. On the whole, the Opposition cannot have less than two-thirds of the Common Council, which, with the Mayor, gives them the entire control of the City Government.

Wards.	Clark, W.	Morgan, V. B.	Jaques, Loco.	Whole No.
I	1124	401	36	1559
II	904	251	77	1236
III	1139	403	85	1620
IV				2397
V				1253
VI				2020
VII				3915
VIII	1660	1355	493	3529
IX	1240	1331	281	2854
X	1015	886	717	2618
XI				
XII	187	429	5	614
XIV	1063	861	401	2265
XV	1040	429	101	1563
XVI	474	731	166	1371
XVII				1937

The Money Market remains as last week; but there are not so many nor so heavy failures—perhaps because there are not so many to fail. The pressure is extending and beginning to be more severely felt at the secondary commercial points of the country. In New-Orleans, times are no better, and large additional failures have taken place, notwithstanding the arrangements for meeting the liabilities of the great house of Herman, Briggs & Co. have been perfected. The Banks can do nothing, being deeply involved in these failures. Some of them have agreed to renew all paper falling due, so long as ten per cent. is paid every sixty days, and this seems a pretty general course at the South. Mobile suffers fearfully, but great exertions are made to sustain her credit, and few failures have taken place. Meanwhile, produce is low enough in the South-west. Cotton was selling at 9 to 10 cents in New-Orleans at our last advices, and flour at $7 50! and prices still tending downward. Where will they stop?

The old Southern States—especially Georgia and the Carolinas—are less affected by the reverses of the times than any other portion of the Union. The Eastern States stand next to them. Money is scarcer in Virginia; which may in some measure be ascribed to the failure of the last wheat crop, and the consequent importation of grain, when she has been accustomed to export.

Stocks are still depressed and little doing in them. The amount of indebtedness at our Banks has largely decreased within the last few months. Importation has decreased in proportion, and the sales of goods this Spring have been very light thus far. In fact, the country merchants have hardly begun to make their appearance. They need not be afraid to come poor, if so it must be: they will find enough here in the same predicament.

Connecticut.—The friends of Mr. Van Buren have re-elected *all* their old Congressional Delegation. Mr. Haley, whom we set down as beaten last week on the admissions of his friends, has succeeded over Mr. Williams by over 100 majority. Dr. Phelps has beaten Mr. Miner about 150 in Litchfield. Mr. Holt has about 100 majority in Windham and Tolland. In Hartford, Mr. Toucey has beaten Mr. Trumbull by 68 votes, although Ellsworth has a like majority over Edwards for Governor. It seems evident that the Whigs could have elected a more popular man to Congress.

The 'Democratic' State Ticket is elected entire by full 2,000 majority. The vote is the largest ever cast in the State—larger even than that of 1834. The Senate will stand 14 Administration to 7 Opposition; the House about 120 to 80. The Whigs console themselves with the reflection that they have shielded their Supreme Court; the Judges of which may be removed by a vote of two-thirds in both branches of the Legislature.

The Federal Judiciary.—We may have given the impression, in announcing the appointment of William Catron, of Tennessee, and William Smith, of Alabama, as U. S. Judges, that they are not to be Associate Justices on the bench of the Supreme Court. The contrary is the fact. Mr. Catron is Judge for the new District composed of the States of Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri; Mr. Smith for that of Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas. Mr. Catron is described in a Tennessee Opposition journal as a gentleman of strong mind, but eccentric, uncouth, self-willed, and highly unpopular with the bar and the people of that State. Mr. Smith is already well known to the country, having been a Senator from South Carolina for some years.

Robert H. Morris and *John Wilson* have been appointed by the Governor and Senate, Commissioners, for this city, for loaning the Surplus Revenue.

Newark Election.—Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, (Whig,) late U. S. Senator, was on Monday elected Mayor of Newark by 250 majority, and the Whig tickets succeeded generally. We understand that the opposition was got up on anti-temperance rather than political grounds.

Hon. Wm. D. Mosely (Adm.) late Speaker of the Senate of North Carolina, is a candididate for Congress in the Newbern District, vice Hon. Jesse Speight, removed from the District.

Hon. Abraham Rencher (Opp.) is a candidate for re-election to Congress from the Rowan District.

Brooklyn Election.—The election of town and charter officers in our sister city across the East River took place on Tuesday, and resulted in a drawn battle between the 'Native American' and the 'Democratic' parties. Of the nine Wards, four went each way, and one was divided, so that each party, we believe, has nine members of the Common Council, though each claims an actual majority. Of the general ticket for supervisors, &c., each party has elected a part. The 'Natives' are much elated at this result.

Westchester County has elected 11 Van Buren to 10 Whig supervisors. Last year, 13 to 8.

Dutchess is said to have chosen 'Democratic' officers in every town but three. In Poughkeepsie, the dominant party carried their ticket with the exception of Justice, by about 50 majority.

Columbia County has elected thirteen Administration to six Opposition supervisors. Hudson, Whig, as usual.

Rensselaer County has thus far chosen 9 Van Buren to 4 Opposition supervisors. Troy has three yet to elect, probably all Whigs. The changes are two in favor of the Whigs: Hoosick—majority 34, and Pittstown, where the vote was—N. Brownell (Whig) 322; N. Baker (V. B.) 321—majority *one:* on town clerk 30—justice 117.

Schenectady has elected Van Buren supervisors; the Common Council equally divided. (One of the supervisors is Giles F. Yates, Esq. the former able and gentlemanly Editor of the 'Democrat.') The townships elected four Whigs to two Democratic supervisors; so that Schenectady county stands 4 to 4.

Robert Muir Esq. (Whig) has been elected President of the village of Auburn. Vote: Muir 436; M. S. Myers (V. B.) 425. The Whigs likewise elected their Supervisor, but lost the greater part of the minor officers, by a close vote.—Eight towns in Cayuga have elected Whig supervisors.

Batavia has elected 'Democratic' town officers, for the first time in several years, Throughout Genesee and Ontario counties, the friends of Mr. Van Buren have done better than heretofore.

Buffalo has elected 'Democratic' town officers.

Virginia.—The Elections in the 'Old Dominion' now take place simultaneously on the fourth Thursday (27th) of April. Nearly all the old Members of Congress are candidates for re-election, and the following have no opposition, to our knowledge:

In the Chesterfield District,	Hon.	John Winston Jones, V. B.
" Richmond	"	John Robertson, Whig.
" Monongalia	"	William S. Morgan, V. B.
" Halifax	"	Geo. C. Dromgoole, do.
" Spottsylvania	"	John M. Patton.
" Albemarle	"	James Garland.
" Charlotte	"	Thomas T. Bouldin, V. B.

In the King William District, Mr. Taliaferro (Whig) is opposed by Archibald Gibson, Esq., late Van Buren Elector. In the Caroline District, Mr. Roane, V. B., is opposed by R. M. T. Hunter, of Essex, Whig. In the Loudoun District, Mr. Mercer, Whig, is opposed by Gen. M'Carty, of coincident politics, and a Van Buren candidate. Gen. M. will probably withdraw. In the Frederick District, Col. Lucas retires, and Col. James M. Mason is proposed by the Administration party, and Col. John B. D. Smith by the Opposition. In the Norfolk District, where Mr. Loyall declines, Mr. Joel Holleman, of the State Senate, is brought forward by the friends, and Col. Francis Mallory by the opponents of Mr. Van Buren. Mr. Murdaugh, a Whig, is also in the field, and, if he remains there, will ensure the election of Mr. Holleman. In the Southampton District, Col. Francis E. Rives, V. B., is alone in nomination, in place of Gen. Mason, who declines. In the Bedford District, Mr. Claiborne, Whig, is opposed by Archibald Stuart, whom he beat two years since by 88 votes. In the Augusta District, Mr. Craig, V. B., is opposed by Edward Johnston, Whig. In the Rockingham District, Mr. Beale declines: the candidates are Isaac S. Pennybacker, V. B., and David Steele, Whig. In the Monroe and Kenawha District, Mr. M'Comas declines: Col. Andrew Beirne, V. B., is pitted against Col. Andrew Donnally, Whig—contest spirited, and result doubtful. In the Washington District, ('Little Tennessee,') Mr. Hopkins, V. B., is opposed by John N. Humes, who claims to be a warmer supporter of the Administration than Mr. Hopkins. In Accomac, Northampton, &c., Mr. Wise has two opponents—one of either party; we forget their names, but we believe there is no serious expectation of defeating him. The Legislative elections excite less interest than the Congressional: in fact, there has been no election contest in Virginia, since 1833, conducted generally with so little spirit.

Tennessee.—It does not appear certain that Gov. Cannon is to have any formidable opponent at the ensuing State Election. Since Gen. Carroll declined, several other gentlemen have been named—among them Maj. A. L. Martin, of Madison, and Gen. Trousdale, of Sumner. The latter is a friend of Mr. Van Buren's policy, and will probably either run for Governor or for Congress, if he is thought strong enough to beat Balie Peyton. By the way, Mr. Peyton's declension is overruled by his political supporters, who declare that he shall run, whether he will or no. As the District gave a majority for Van Buren last fall, he will have an uphill contest. We infer that he submits with a good grace, and enters immediately on the canvass. Mr. Bell has as yet no opponent, though Gen. Caruthers, of Wilson, (also a White man,) has been named. The White papers denounce this as a Van Buren trick, designed to divide and conquer. Gen. Thomas D. Arnold, a violent Anti-Jackson man, who made some noise at Washington six years ago, is again a candidate in Gen. Wm. B. Carter's District. (Gen. C. is a White man.)

Pennsylvania.—The Legislature of this State adjourned in high dudgeon immediately after the Governor's Veto upon the Improvement Bill. The proposition to pass a bill, as suggested by the Governor, for the prosecution of the State's own works only, cutting off the subscriptions to the stock of private companies, was hardly treated with civility. Not a dollar was appropriated for any such purpose.

Gov. Ritner's Veto Message, whatever may be the intrinsic soundness of its doctrines, will doubtless be warmly sustained by a majority of the people. It insists that the completion of the main line of State works is the true policy of Pennsylvania, leaving cross-cuts, branches, turnpikes, and such minor improvements, to be constructed by individual and associated enterprise. It shows that the policy of the Legislature would increase the State debt to forty-five millions of dollars. The Governor justly observes that, having been elected under distinct pledges to oppose the reckless expenditure of public money which, as his friends alleged, had characterized the administration of his predecessor, he could not sign a bill authorizing similar expenditures without the grossest inconsistency.

Since the adjournment, the Governor has issued an energetic Proclamation, setting forth that the amount of public money appropriated by the preceding Legislature and not yet expended is about $1,300,000, which will be faithfully applied to the prosecution of the public works. If this sum should be exhausted, he will convene the next Legislature immediately after its election. The contractors are therefore instructed and enjoined to go on, with a full conviction that the faith of the State will be sustained to the utmost farthing.

The appropriations for Education are very liberal—five hundred thousand dollars from the State's share of the Surplus Revenue, and two hundred thousand from the bonus given for the charter of the United States Bank. The residue of the Surplus Revenue is applied to the continuance of Internal Improvement and the payment of the State Debt. Pennsylvania has hitherto been behind her sister States in the encouragement of Education, and we rejoice to mark so beneficent a change in her policy.

Hon. Lewis Williams, do. do. from the Wilkes District. Mr. Williams is the oldest Member of the House.

Hon. Wm. H. Haywood, late Speaker of the North Carolina Assembly, declines the Mission to Belgium. The Whig papers say he considers the station unequal to his talents and services.

Hon. Jesse Speight, says the Newbern Spectator, took his seat in Congress at a late period of the last Session, staid *eight days*, pocketed $300 mileage and $64 compensation, and departed *sine die* for his new home in Mississippi! Such conduct is treacherous to the constituents who elected him and the party to which he belonged, and cannot be too strongly reprobated.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Senate of this State have backed out of their high-toned resolutions against Slavery, but adhere to those likewise passed by the other House, affirming the inviolability of the Right of Petition, and the power of Congress to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia. (The rescinded resolutions further affirmed the propriety and justice of speedily exercising the latter assumed right, and also of prohibiting slavery in the Territories and all future States.) The most singular feature of this business is the unanimity of the two political parties.

Hon. Edward Everett has been unanimously nominated for re-election as Governor, and Hon. Geo. Hull as Lieutenant Governor, by the Whigs. Hon. Marcus Morton and Hon. William Foster will doubtless be supported by the friends of Mr. Van Buren.

MAINE.—Hon. Edward Kent, Mayor of Bangor, has been nominated for Governor of Maine by the Whigs. Of course, they can have no hope of electing him, unless by a division among their opponents. Gov. Dunlap, we believe, declines a re-election. Two Congressional Districts have not yet chosen a Member for the next Congress. A new trial takes place on the 8th of May.

M. Pontois, Embassador from the King of the French to the Government of the United States, arrived in Hampton Roads, Norfolk, on Tuesday of last week, in the frigate Sirene, Com. Duportier, which left Rio Janeiro on the 1st of February. M. Pontois has arrived at Washington.

Hon. Levi Cutter was re-elected Mayor of Portland, Maine, on the 3d inst. Vote: Cutter, (Whig,) 940; Boody, (Van Buren,) 380. There was no strenuous exertion made by the Democratic party, and the Whigs elected their tickets in all the Wards but one.

Portsmouth, N. H., has elected Whig officers, owing to a division in the opposing party.

Joseph Tate, Esq., has been re-elected Mayor of Richmond, Va.

Hon. John B. Forrester, of Tenn., declines a re-election to Congress.

Reuben M. Whitney notifies his creditors, in the Washington Globe, that he has applied for a discharge from imprisonment as an insolvent debtor! Where is the splendid service of plate which he sported at his magnificent party last winter?

Grain is still pouring into our sea-ports from Europe, and some begins to reach us from the interior. Of course, the price falls off daily, and New York flour commands only nine and ten dollars, and the best Western is dull at $10 50. ☞ If it had never been held above these prices, the dealers would have been better off; but that is their business. Under existing circumstances, it must fall lower, lower. Tolerable wheat has been sold here at auction at $1 30; and the best foreign is only worth $1 50—a fall of sixty cents. All kinds of provisions are declining. The importers of the last half million bushels of wheat doubtless wish they had their money back.

Two Hundred Divorces were granted by the late Legislature of Kentucky. A wag, discovering the pliant disposition of the Solons, sent in a petition for, and actually obtained, the divorce of a steadfast old couple, who had lived harmoniously together for forty years, and never dreamed of separating. Finding themselves so unceremoniously in the disjunctive, they were remarried again with all possible despatch.

Governor Cass, the American Minister to France, so far from being recalled or in disgrace, will, we learn from the Times, make an excursion this summer up the Mediterranean in the Constitution frigate, Com. Elliot. He was to embark at Marseilles with his family about March 25th. Constantinople will be visited, and we suppose also Alexandria, Athens, and the Barbary towns, with a view probably to adjust existing treaties, the visit of the Minister not being, we apprehend, one of mere pleasure. [Star.

Relations with Mexico.—We learn, from a source upon which we can rely, that the Mexican Charge d'Affaires has received orders from his Government requiring him, *immediately*, to suspend all intercourse with the Cabinet at Washington. We do not learn that he is yet ordered to return home; but we suppose a diplomatic intercourse between the two Governments is, at this moment, entirely at the end. As our Executive must be apprised of the fact above stated, it is strange that no official annunciation of it is made.

[National Intelligencer.

VIRGINIA.—The Old Dominion is doing nobly in appropriations for Internal Improvements. The Legislature at its late session appropriated no less than *four and a half millions of dollars*, for various objects of the sort. The Richmond Whig thus enumerates them:

Richmond and Petersburg Rail Road Co.	$300,000
Louisa Rail Road Co.	120,000
Portsmouth and Roanoke, Danville and Junction R. R.	320,000
Dismal Swamp Canal	50,000
Falmouth and Alexandria Rail Road	400,000
Lynchburg and Tennessee Rail Road	200,000
City Point Rail Road	60,000
New Shenandoah Company	46,000
Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road	302,000
James River and Kenawha Company	1,900,800
North Western Turnpike	65,000

Besides smaller sums for various Turnpike Roads.

The Treasury Order—How it Works.—The correspondent of the Journal of Commerce writes from Washington as follows:

"To show how beautifully the Treasury Order plays into the hands of the *large speculators* I will mention a fact of very recent occurrence. The other day the agent of the largest Northern Land Jobbing Company arrived here with a heavy draft on the Bank of the Metropolis. He drew the specie from the bank for the amount, and it was wheeled over to the office of the Treasurer, where it was deposited, and where the agent received his certificate of deposite. The agent went on his way to the northwest to enter large bodies of land for the company—the *specie* was wheeled back again to the Bank of the Metropolis, to be in readiness for the repetition of the operation. A better contrivance than the Treasury Order to promote the interests of the land jobbers could not be desired. It gives them a monopoly of the business, both in buying and selling. The actual settler is forced to buy of them, at an immoderate advance on the Government prices, or to pay a large premium for the conversion of his paper into specie. Besides this, the speculators have selected and monopolized all the best land, thereby rendering it the interest of the settler to deal with them. As long, therefore, as the large companies can drive the small operators out of the market with the specie circular, they can engross the best lands, and, at the same time, force the settlers to buy of them."

AN ACT TO PREVENT USURY.

The people of the State of New-York, represented in the Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

Section 1. The 5th section of the act title three, of chapter four, part two, of the Revised Statues, is hereby amended by striking out all after the word 'void,' in the sixth line, to the end of the section, and inserting the following: 'and any bill, note, assurance, pledge, conveyance, contract and all evidences of debt whatsoever, which may have been sold, transferred, assigned or indorsed upon, for or upon which any greater interest, discount or consideration may have been reserved, obtained or taken, than is provided in the first section of the said title, shall be absolutely null and void, and no part of any such contract, security or evidence of debt shall be collectable in any court of law or equity, so that the section as amended shall read as follows:

Section 5. All bonds, bills, notes, assurances, and all other contracts or securities whatever, whereupen or whereby there shall be reserved or taken, or secured, or agreed to be secured or taken, any greater sum, or greater value, for the loan or forbearance of any money, goods or other thing in action, than is above prescribed, shall be void: and any bond, bill, note, assurance, pledge, conveyance, contract, and all evidence of debt whatsoever, which may have been sold, transferred, assigned, or endorsed upon, for or upon which any greater interest, discount or consideration may have been reserved, obtained or taken, than is provided in the first section of the said title, shall be absolutely null and void; and no part of any such contract, security or evidence of debt, shall be collectable in any court of law or equity.

Section 2. Every person offending against the provisions of said title or of this act, may be compelled to testify as a witness in any suit he may bring upon any bond, bill, note, assurance, conveyance, pledge, contract, security, or any other evidence of debt mentioned in the fifth section of the said title and in this act, which shall be taken or held by him in violation of this act.

Section 3. The last preceding section shall not extend to any case unless the defendant shall plead or give notice in his defence, that he relies upon the provision of said title or of this act, to bar the plaintiff's action, and verifies the same by his affidavit, and in such case, the plaintiff shall not bring the cause to trial unless he shall appear in person.

Section 4. Every person offending against the provision of said title, or of this act, may be compelled to answer on oath, any bill that shall be exhibited against him in the court of chancery, for relief, or discovery, or both.

Section 5. Whenever any borrower of money, goods or things in action, shall file a bill of chancery for relief, or discovery, or both, against any violation of the provisions of the said title, or of this act, it shall not be necessary for him to pay, or offer to pay any interest or principal on the sum or thing loaned; nor shall any court of chancery require or compel the payment or deposite of the principal sum or interest, or any portion thereof, as a condition of granting relief, or compelling or discovering to the borrower in any case, usurious loans forbidden by said title or by this act.

Section 6. Whenever it shall appear by the admissions of the defendant, or any proof that any bond, bill, note, assurance, pledge, conveyance, contract, security, or any evidence of debt, has been taken or received, in violation of the provisions of said title or of this act, the court of chancery shall declare the same to be void, and enjoin any prosecution thereon, and order the same to be surrendered and cancelled.

Section 7. Every violation of the provisions of said title or of this act, shall be a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof, the person so offending shall be punished by a fine not exceeding —— dollars, or imprisonment not exceeding —— months or both.

Section 8. It shall be the duty of all courts of justice to charge the grand jury specially to inquire into any violation of the provisions of the said title or of this act.

Section 9. Every plaintiff examined as a witness pursuant to the provisions of this act, and any defendant under the provisions of this act, who shall swear falsely, shall upon conviction thereof suffer the pains and penalties of wilful and corrupt perjury.

PUBLIC LANDS—PRE-EMPTION FRAUDS.

Extract from the Speech of Mr. Davis, of Mass. in the Senate, on the Land Bill of Mr. Walker.

In 1830, the first pre-emption law, which extended to the public lands generally, was passed, under pretence of quieting the possessions of a few poor people who had established homes upon the public land, and asked for a few acres, at the minimum price, which they had cultivated about their houses. The argument addressed to the humanity of Congress prevailed. The speculators, in the guise of poor men, seduced Congress. It seemed just in itself, and we will now see what have been the results of that law, and learn some thing from experience. If the public documents speak the truth, it has been the means of awakening cupidity, and has served to disguise and cover up the most disgusting frauds, perjuries, and peculations. This law, in its terms, provided for *retrospective* cases only, for cases where *settlements* and *cultivation* had been actually made, and was designed to secure to the poor man his home, not to invite new settlers, or enlarge the domains of the rich. A pre-emption law, as it is styled, gives to the occupant the exclusive right to enter for himself, to become the purchaser of a given quantity of land, on which he has made his improvements, be its quality or value what it may, at a dollar and a quarter the acre, which is the lowest price at which public land is sold. The least quantity which the United States, in their singular liberality, proposed to let a pre-emptioner have was 160 acres, or one quarter of a section—the public lands being surveyed into sections, or squares of 640 acres each.

This act of 1830, it was supposed would apply only to the relief of a few cases of poor people, who had penetrated the public land, and commenced the process of clearing farms. But, sir, Mr. Brown, the late Commissioner of the Land Office, was required to state, at the last session of Congress, how much revenue had been diverted from the public Treasury by the act. His answer was, that he had no certain data by which he could estimate it, but he adds:

"Considering the *many tens of thousands of claims* that have arisen under it, and the prevailing desire, in the meanwhile, to invest money in public land, the conclusion seems fair that the selected spots would have been sold for a price proportioned to their excellence, if no such law, nor any improper conspiracy, had existed. The estimate of *three millions of dollars*, which I had the honor to submit to you on the 28th of January last, appears to me now to *underrate*, much rather than to magnify, the difference between the receipts for pre-emption concessions and the sum the same lands would have brought into the Treasuary."

Under this law, where two persons had made improvements on the same quarter-section of land, it was decided, that they should not both have it, that one should have what is familiarly called a *float*, that is, a right to enter his quantity upon any of the surveyed and unsold public lands; thus giving to him a vast range, and an opportunity to select the most valuable spot.

The Commissioner, in speaking of the manner in which these floats were obtained, says:

"The virtuous and patriotic citizens of Louisiana have been disgusted and alarmed by the extent to which fraud and perjury is asserted to have been carried on in *the manufacture* of such claims within that interesting State, threatening to cover a large portion of the most valuable lands that have been surveyed."

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"The law, as its title imports, is in favor of *settlers*. But pretensions have been set up by persons dwelling in town with their families, and there following mercantile persuits, while they caused a little show of improvement, that scarce deserved the name, to be made for them by *others*; no proof being produced of their personal superintendence or direction *on the spot*. Cultivation by slaves or hirelings in 1833, and one or the other, or a growing crop on the place on the following 19th of June, have been assumed as fulfilling the required conditions."

"Among the pretences to cultivation, there have been disclosures as follows, viz. where the cutting and burning of a small patch of cane; where an enclosure, not entitled to be called a fence, around a space only large enough for a small garden, and

the planting a few culinary vegetables, and where scattering an undefined quantify of turnip seeds or grass seeds, and in one case, planting a few turnips or onions, have been claimed as cultivation to meet this condition." Again:

"If the propriety were conceded of making the pre-emption policy a part of our land system, there would be still no evident fitness in extending the concession to a full quarter-section of land. An allowance of half that quantity of the *very best land* is surely munificent; and, if presumed poverty be one of the considerations for the grant, it may be observed that many a good farm in the West contains no more than an eighth of a section." Again:

"The temptation to abuse the charity of the Legislature is so radically intermixed, and so inextricably interwoven with the operation of the pre-emption laws, that I should despair of laying before you altogether effectual means for the prevention of fraud on the part of claimants. It seems to me a hopeless task to project any modification of existing enactments that shall silence perjury, and defeat the devices of sagacious speculars, so long as their ingenuity shall be sharpened and stimulated by the prospect of immense gain attending their success."

Such are the extraordinary and disgusting developements made by the officer who was last year at the head of the General Land Office, and whose means of intelligence cannot be questioned, and such is the effect of legislating the public domain into the hands of individuals. It offers such temptation to an easy requisition of wealth, that it superinduces every species of fraud.

I will now ask attention to some parts of a statement made by the Attorney of the United States for the Western District of Louisiana in regard to those floats and pre-emption rights:

"I will here mention a construction of the law which was adopted by the officers at Opelousas, and most of the pre-emption floats have been admitted under that construction; Two persons living on a quarter-section, or who pretend that they do, on lands not worth a cent an acre; men who can neither read nor write, men who have never seen a survey made, and know nothing about sections or quarter-sections of land; and who, in point of fact, live five, ten, and in many instances, twenty miles apat, go before a justice of the peace as ignorant as themselves, and swear all the facts required by law to make their entry; this, too, in a section of the country never surveyed by authority of the Government, nor any competent officer thereof. Would it be believed that any officer of the Government would admit an entry under circumstances like these, upon the oaths alone of the parties interested in making them, and upon lands not surveyed, approved, and returned by higher authority? Can it be possible that an entry of that kind can either be in conformity with law, justice or right?

"I state, of my own knowledge, that many of these pre-emption floats are precisely in the situation above detailed. I am authorized to name Colonel Robert A. Crane, of Louisiana, who states, positively, he knows many of them to be founded upon the same corrupt perjury—persons swearing that they lived on the same quarter-section, when, in truth and in fact, they never had lived so near each other as five miles. It is not believed that there are thirty honest pre-emption floats in the whole district of Louisiana; and yet, since the 1st of January, 1835, up to the 27th of May, they have passed at the land office at Opelousas at least 350. And who are the owners of these floats? Principally one, and not more than three, speculators. Since the 1st of January of this year, up to the 27th of May, day after day, week after week, I might say months after months, a notorious speculator (and who must have been known as such to the officers of the land office at Opelousas) was seen occupying that office to the almost total exclusion of every body else. No other person appeared to understand how to get pre-emption floats through, and no one did succeed until an event which will be stated below. He could be seen followed to and from the land office by crowds of free negroes, Indians, and Spaniards, and the very lowest dregs of society in the counties of Opelousas and Rapides, with their affidavits already prepared by himself, and sworn to by them before some justice of the peace in some remote part of the county. These claims, to an immense extent, are presented and allowed. And upon what evidence? Simply upon evidence of the parties themselves who desire to make the entry! And would it be believed that the lands where these quarter-sections purported to be located, from the affidavits of the applicants, had never been surveyed by the Government nor any competent officer thereof, nor approved, nor returned surveyed? I further state that there was not even a private survey made. These facts I know. I have been in the office when the entry was made, and have examined the evidence, which was precisely what I have stated above."

Such has been the result of the experiment of the law of 1830, made for the benefit of a *few poor settlers*. It has swept away more than three milions of dollars from the public chest, and introduced a system which corrupts and demoralizes the citizens, to an extent surpassing belief. It comes to us fraught with all the evils prophesied of it, and has already invited hordes to seize upon the public property, indulging the hope that new laws of this description will be passed. Indeed, they come boldly to our doors and demand them. This city is now filled with greedy claimants; not your poor and helpless individuals, who have raised a log cabin over their heads in some nook of public property, but men who enter the fashionable walks of life and boast of their fortune.

And yet this law of 1830 was guarded and protected by oaths, and required proofs. The settlement and the cultivation must be proved under oath, and to have occured before 1829, to entitle the claimant to the benefit of the act. But, sir, what is cultivation? Any act upon the soil; raising a handfull of vegetables of a few weeks' growth; sowing a few grass seeds, which is up in a few days. What is occupancy? Feeding a horse upon the soil has been claimed as such.—And such miserable frauds, aided by the perjury of hired and interested witnesses, have been employed, with the connivance of public officers, under a benevolent act, to steal the most valuable parts of the public land. Such has been our sad and appalling experience under the law of 1830.

Now, sir, what is the character of the bill on your table? A thousand fold worse than the act of 1830. It is a preemption, for the exclusive benefit of the States in which the public lands lie. A monopoly in their hands; an appropriation of the public lands to their use, to the exclusion of all others; a gift of this vast treasure to the citizens of those States.—And can I vote for such a profligate disposition of public property? How can I meet my constituents and justify such an act? You have hardly the modesty to disguise this bill, by holding it up as a measure for the benefit of the poor; but gentlemen stand boldly forth, and contend that every man's farm should be made up to at least 1280 acres out of the public land. Ay, more, that he shall have the right to select from no less than twenty-one sections of 640 acres each, the best parts and portions to make up his complement, at a dollar and a quarter the acre. And more, you do not confine him to lands surveyed, but permit him to range in regions never yet exposed to sale, and to select the richest gifts of Nature. Nor is your bill confined to retrospective action, but whoever will may go and seize the public domain. And what do you require of him? Oaths and proofs of occupancy and cultivation; such substantially as were required by the act of 1830; provisions just as easily evaded. And titles were manufactured under that act in vast numbers, by the oaths of perjured witnesses, and the certificates of false magistrates. If you were robbed of three millions of dollars under that act, what may you not expect by thus opening the floodgates to the cupidity of the greedy and avaricious?

We have, I know, heard much fulsome panegyric lavished upon the hardy pioneers, as they are styled; much of their sufferings, and much of their perils and bravery. But, sir who invites them to these sufferings? Who asks them to seize the public land? For whose benefit is it? The laws of the United States forbid their entry upon it, they restrain by heavy penalties all intrusion, they declare all such persons to be trespassers and liable to indictment. These intrudersare, therefore, disturbers of the public peace, and by interfering with the Indians they provoke hostilities, and create the very wars in which they affirm they have suffered, and then claim our compassion. It is my firm belief that if these disturbers were kept within lawful bounds, we should have no hostilities with the Indians.

MICHIGAN.—A letter from Detroit to the Editor of the Buffalo Journal, represents the new State as going on swimmingly in matters pertaining to her internal improvement. Indeed, if there be any danger to be apprehended, it is, that Michigan may go too fast in her project. The Legislature has been liberal if not prodigal in appropriations for these objects. The great 'Internal Improvement Bill,' authorizing a loan of *five millions*, has been passed, and the Governor will take all proper measures to carry it into effect. A large appropriation has also been made for a ship canal round the Maries. Numerous rail-road companies have been chartered, and projects of all sorts for the improvement of the State have met with the highest favor. A general banking law has likewise been created, by which any number of individuals not less than twelve, with a capital not under $50,000, nor more than $200,000, may establish offices of discount and deposite, wherever they please, by coming under the 'safety fund' law, and complying with certain other conditions contained in the act. The Legislature has also established the 'University of Michigan,' to be located at Ann Arbor, with most munificent endowments.

Appropriation of the Surplus.—The bill "to appropriate the income arising from the investment of certain moneys belonging to the United States, deposited with this State for safe keeping," passed through the committee of the whole in the Senate on Saturday, and was referred back to the select committee for the purpose of perfecting its details. As we understand its features, the income is appropriated in the following manner:

The entire annual income is stated in round numbers, at		$321,000
To Geneva College, Hamilton College, and the University of the city of New York, are appropriated $5,000 each,	$15,000	
For the purpose of establishing a department for the instruction of common school teachers in each county in the state,	24,000	
To the several counties according to population, for academical purposes,	19,000	
To be added to the amount annually distributed to common schools,	110,000	168,000
Leaving		$153,000

to be annually added to the capital of the Common School Fund. [Albany Argus.

Bounty.—The State of Maine has passed an act giving $2 to every one who shall raise twenty bushels of wheat; and for every bushel over and above thirty, six cents per bushel.

LATER FROM FLORIDA.

ST. AUGUSTINE, March 31.

By an express which arrived last night from Fort Dade, we have intelligence to the 26th, and of the most gratifying character. Many of the Chiefs and their bands have come in, and some have gone to Tampa Bay, and there is strong prospect of peace. Our savage foe has been compelled to consent to remove beyond the Mississippi, and preparations are making to accomplish this desirable object speedily.

We have been politely favord with the following extract of a letter to a gentleman of this city, dated

"FORT DADE, March 26.

"You undoubtedly have had minute details of all the doings with us since our visit to Topkalika. It seems that the Indians were as sick of the war as ourselves, and were happy to take advantage of the first chance of coming to terms.—There is no doubt that the war is ended, so far as the chiefs have power to contract. One camp is inundated with Seminoles, who are moving south of the Hillsboro', in conformity with the treaty stipulations, which requires them all to be there by the 1st proximo. Cloud, with his band, are already at Tampa, where all are to assemble by the 10th.

"Philip's son came in yesterday, and brought assurance of his father's '*adhesion*' He says that the hatchet is buried with them; and, in reply to a question as to what the Mickasukies would do, replied that they would of course come in, as Micanopy had *ordered* it; but if they did not, the force of the nation would compel them at once.

"I have had many conversations with Jumper, Abraham, Alligator, and Micanopy, and have not the least doubt of their sincere intention to fulfil the terms subscribed to. Alligator is a most sensible, shrewd, active, and jocose man; worth all the Indians I have seen. Jumper is in a decline from pulmonary affection. He is a sensible man; but, from the state of his health, and consequent low spirits, much disposed for peace. Abraham is a cunning negro, of good consideration with the Seminoles, and who can do more than any other.—Micanopy is not the fat old fool we thought him, but certainly possessing good sense, and actually exercising *regal* powers. He was respectable in appearance with the Council, his remarks evincing judgement, and his deportment suitable and comporting with his nominal rank."

The above is fully confirmed by official despatches received from General Jesup. [National Intelligencer.

FROM TEXAS.

[Correspondence of the Baltimore Chronicle.]

Extract of a letter from a gentleman high in the Government of Texas, dated COLUMBIA, Feb. 17, 1837.

Since I wrote you last, I have received several papers from you, for which you have my thanks. I send you by this vessel a pamphlet containing the defence of Gen. Felisola, who was tried in Mexico on a charge of cowardice, in retreating with the main body of the army of the enemy, 4,000 strong, before our army, under Houston, 1,200 strong. I also send you the proceedings of the House of Representatives, which may be interesting.

At this moment an express has just arrived, stating that 700 of the enemy's cavalry have crossed the Rio Grande, and appeared before St. Antonio, and that they will be followed by all the enemy's forces. The enemy's strength, as ascertained by our spies in the interior as late as the 31st January, is at Matamoras, 5,000 men and 40 pieces of artillery; at Loredo, 1,000 men and 10 pieces; at Rhinosa, 1,000 men and 6 pieces; at Canargo, 500 cavalry, 5 pieces of artillery, and 1,000 infantry. They have no funds—are badly clothed, and daily diminish by desertions.

We want some fine artillery, and that of the Mexicans is of a superior kind; and after we get those *they* are bringing on, we shall have enough for field service.

No fear or trouble seems to pervade the community on account of the enemy, for the Texans all believe that it is perfectly impossible for any force to beat them when our old chief heads us. We can raise 5,000 to 6,000 men, well armed, besides our regular army, which will bring us equal in point of numbers, and there will be no hard fighting.

I shall give you the items of all important news as fast as they transpire.

Capt. George Styles, of the Texan army, was shot here a few days ago, and died shortly afterwards. He requested me, about ten minutes before he died, to let his family know of his death, and I now transfer the unpleasant task to you.

Piracy and Murder.—A young man about nineteen years of age, named Morrell—a native of England, had a hearing yesterday before Judge Hopkinson on a charge of piracy and murder on the high seas. The murders were committed by the young man alluded to and a Spaniard, who was subsequently killed by one of the crew. The mate of the vessel was first murdered and thrown overboard, and then an attack was made upon the Captain, who was wounded so severely that he died after the vessel arrived at Pernambuco. There are four persons under arrest, but only one, Morrell, charged with the murder. The vessel on which the crimes were committed was the schooner Wm. Wirt, of Baltimore, on her way to Pernambuco. It seems that Morrell was flogged a day or two before the foul deeds were perpetrated. The trial will commence on Tuesday next. [Philadelphia Inquirer.

NEW-YORK.

☞ Mr. JOHN BEVERIDGE is our authorized Agent in this State for the section of country bordering the Erie Canal, as far as Buffalo. Our friends in the towns lying on the route mentioned will please hand over their dues to him.

☞ Mr. JOHN ROBERTS, we are apprehensive, did not receive the letter we sent to him at Buffalo. He will please inform us of his address, as we have some bills to send him.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Death and Burial" (M. P. S.) is approved, and will appear forthwith.
"To Caroline" (S.) is insipid. We decline it.
"A Mother's Love" (M. H.) is not blank verse, but very bad prose.
"Song—I would go down to sleep" (Catharine) was lost in the hands of the printer. Another copy would be very acceptable.
"To S. A. B." (A Fixed Comet) is fair verse, but no more. The sentiment has been better expressed already. He who would write amatory verse to be read must do something very clever or very ridiculous. This is neither.
"Lines" (Genevra) will probably appear.
"Reminiscences of a Bachelor" (S. P.) will appear forthwith.
"The Faded Flower" (B. B. Y.) does not please us. "Melancholy" (P. D.) do.
"The Reveries of a Prison Bird" (Vindex) are acceptable.
"Die Brast Von Messina" (E. F. E.) is gratefully welcomed. It will probably appear in our next.

Byron's Works.—Mr. Dearborn has published Vol. VI. (the last) of his splendid edition of "The Works of Lord Byron; with his Letters and Journals, and his Life of Thomas Moore, Esq." This volume consists of the very exceptionable poem of 'Don Juan,' and is embellished by a beautiful portrait of the inconstant Don.

Mr. Dearborn's Library of Standard Literature has reached its fifteenth volume, and forms a highly creditable addition to the catalogue of American reprints. No such edition of Byron's Works has ever appeared on this side of the Atlantic, if indeed any where.—The typography is beautiful; the execution almost perfect; the paper alone is inferior to that of the best English books, though still excellent. The whole of these Standard Works are almost indispensable to a well selected library.

Juvenal and Persius.—No. XXXV. of the Harpers' Classical Family Library comprises "Juvenal, translated by Charles Badham, M. D. F. R. S. and Persius, translated by the Rt. Hon. Sir W. Drummond," forming an 18mo volume of near 300 pages. The verse of these celebrated satirists is among the best which has come down to us from the golden age of Roman literature, and has lost little of its aptness and force by the mutations of seventeen hundred years. 'Times change—man never.' Wisdom and virtue may add strength to strength, but the follies and vices of the Augustan age differ little from those of our own, and the withering lash which excoriated the former may be profitable for instruction and reproof in the latter. We commend this volume to general perusal.

Indian Biography.—Col. McKenney's great History of the Indian Tribes of North America, superbly illustrated with 120 portraits of distinguished chiefs and warriors, is calculated to prove a highly valuable as well as creditable addition to American literature. Among the patrons of the work are the late and present chief magistrate of the Union, nearly all the heads of departments, Daniel Webster, Gov. Ritner, and full half the eminent men in the country. In Europe, the King of England, after a careful examination of the first number, placed his name at the head of the subscription list,—being the second instance of the kind since his coronation—and expressed the highest approbation of the work. Mr. John Fuller, agent of the publisher, is now at the Astor House, where he will remain a few days and will be happy to submit the first number to the critical inspection of the patrons of literature.

"*The Southern Review.*"—Such is the title of a new Quarterly devoted to political as well as literary and general disquisition, which is announced as soon to appear at Washington, under the Editorial auspices of Judge Abel P. Upshur, of Virginia. Each number will consist of 275 pages, making 1,100 annually, of which four-fifths will be devoted to Reviews and the remainder to literary and general intelligence. The work will not be commenced until three thousand subscribers are obtained. Wm. W. Moore & Co. publishers.

"*The Reformer*" is the title of a semi-weekly journal at Washington City, founded on the ruins of the United States Telegraph, and edited by Richard K. Cralle, formerly of the Richmond Whig. It is conducted with ability, but with an intensity of Opposition spirit bordering on ferocity. We do not pretend to determine how far this may be justified, but we do hold that the equanimity and courtesy of the National Intelligencer are far better calculated to win golden opinions among the candid and enlightened than the rabid fierceness which The Reformer on the one hand and The Globe on the other contrive to exhibit. Soft words and hard arguments are best; and the calling of such names as 'Royalist,' 'Aristocrat,' &c. avail but little with the discerning.—The Reformer is a thorough and ardent champion of the peculiar feelings and institutions of the South, against all assailants or cavillers. ($5 per annum. Wm. W. Moore & Co.)

"*Gazetteer of Missouri.*"—This work, issued from the press of J. Harper & Brothers, has been compiled by Major Alpheus Wetmore, formerly of the Army, who has resided in Missouri eighteen years, and in his military service there had great facilities in procuring a knowledge of the Topography of the country; and he has made himself intimately acquainted with the mineral and agricultural resources of the State of Missouri. His descriptions of the several counties are rendered interesting to general readers by the historical sketches that are embodied in the work, and by the interesting passages that have grown out of the pioneer operations of early settlers.

The compiler has extended his reading matter to some length in an Appendix, in which the life a trapper leads in the Rocky Mountains is described, in the familiar narrative of a hunter. His conflicts with Indians and the Grizzly Bear are made subjects of great interest by the peculiar manner in which the stories are told. Indian Character is faithfully illustrated in the "Pawnee Sacrifice," and in other thrilling recitals which are very little embellished beyond the facts of actual occurrence, some of which are written out from the personal observation of the compiler.

The Map of the State contained in the book claims to be the only correct one in existence, and is engraved on steel from one furnished by the Surveyor General of Missouri.

Some of the statements contained in this work respecting the vast resources of this new State are so startling as to appear marvellous, but they are well authenticated, and the names of the contributors of these interesting particulars are given, and thus the compiler is sustained, in the assertions he has uttered, by many of the most distinguished citizens of Missouri.

The New-York Gazette, the oldest paper published in this city, has passed into the hands of Robert U. Lang, and C. F. Daniels, by whom it will hereafter be conducted. Mr. Daniels achieved a wide popularity some years since as Editor of the Camden (S. C.) Journal, and has since been engaged in the Courier & Enquirer of this city, which his talents and rare humor have contributed mainly to raise to its present high standing. Mr. Lang is a son of the former worthy and gentlemanly Editor of the Gazette, by whom it was guided safely and successfully through the vicissitudes of forty years. The paper has ever been distinguished for sauvity and industry; it will now take rank with the leading journals of our city.

Portrait and Miniature Painting.—Those who would procure faithful and spirited likenesses are earnestly invited to visit the rooms of D. R. BARKER, 23 Chambers-st. If unwearied assiduity in his arduous profession, and a determination to attain distinction therein, combined with taste and talent, may avail any thing, we are sure the exertions of our friend will be crowned with the success they so richly merit.

Slave Case.—The quiet of our city has been somewhat disturbed during the past week by the pendency of proceedings before the Recorder in the case of a black named William Dixon, claimed as a runaway slave from Baltimore, but who brings testimony to prove that he lived in this city for years before his alleged absconding from Baltimore. A great crowd of blacks assembled in the Park on Wednesday, after filling the Court Room, und evincec a determination to rescue the prisoner by violence if necessary. A general scuffle ensued on the adjournment of the Court, and Dixon was got away from the officers and borne off, but followed and retaken.—The examination proceeded on Thursday, but was not concluped, and is going on this day (Friday.)

Lightning.—The house of Peter C. Hasbrouck, Esq., at Shawangunk, Ulster County, was struck by lightning a few evenings since, and almost entirely destroyed. It did not take fire, but was fearfully shattered—both stacks of chimneys thrown down. All the persons in the house were shocked, and one lady had her spectacles melted, but none were seriously injured. The house was a new and large one, and the loss is heavy.

Benjamin Rathbun escaped conviction at the recent trial at Batavia. The jury could not agree, and were discharged, after having been out fifteen hours. There was no doubt, we believe, that the notes in question were actually mailed by him to David E. Evans, and that the endorsements upon them were forgeries. But it was denied that he forged the endorsements himself, and the loophole on which a doubt was hung was this—May not the endorsements have been forged by Lyman Rathbun or Rathbun Allen without his knowledge. The counsel for the defence attempted to quash the indictment on the ground that no forgery was proved on any particular person—no knowledge, even, of the forgery proved upon Rathbun—and no pretence of a forgery in Genesee county set up. The judgement ruled that the two first counts in the indictment were not sustained, but on the last point, if we mistake not, that the man who sends a forged note by mail from New-York to a person in Batavia is guilty of a forgery, or of uttering forged paper, in Genesee County.—Rathbun has of course been remanded to jail, and will be tried again and again until convicted.

John K. Sutherland was on the 3d elected Mayor of Steubenville, Ohio.

Our Legislature are positively growing sensible. The Assembly have passed a strong law against Usury by a large majority, and the Senate will probably pass it. The General Banking Law drags its slow length in the Assembly. An attempt of Mr. Cutting to prohibit Banking Associations from issuing notes below $20 was *defeated* on Wednesday: Ayes 21, Noes 70. Good! A similar motion to prohibit all below $10 was then tried and lost: Ayes 32, Noes 60. Our lawgivers seem to think, very justly, that there is no necessity for making money any *harder* than it is now.

The Sackett's Harbor Bank seems under the weather. The officers are proved guilty of the enormity of paying a depositor's *printed* checks of two and three dollars! Was there ever such unheard-of wickedness? Of course, such a villanous evasion of that monument of legislative wisdom, the Small Note Suppression Law, must be punished by repealing the Bank's Charter; and a bill for that purpose has passed the House and is now in the Senate!

Murder in New-Hampshire.—Israel H. Russell, of Hillsborough, aged 28 years, was unaccountably murdered at Hopkinton West Village on Friday the 7th inst. by John S. Titcomb, aged 25, formerly of Newburyport, Mass. They were at work in a cooper's shop, and it appears that they had been earnestly discussing the question whether men are predisposed to murder each other for money? and were left so discussing at 11 o'clock A. M. At 12, Titcomb went to his boarding-house, shaved and dressed himself, and appeared much agitated. This was remarked, when he returned in a hurry, set the shop on fire, and went into the street. The fire was soon discovered, a crowd collected—Titcomb among the rest—the roof fell in, and the body of Russell was found burnt badly beneath the bench at the side of the shop, where it had been thrown by Titcomb, and covered with the shavings and staves to some depth. Both legs were broken above the knees, and both arms above the elbows—evidently showing that the murderer attempted to put the body into a barrel to conceal it. It was apparent also that Russell was killed by severe blows inflicted on the head while seated on the shave-horse, without having made the least resistance. ☞ A jug of rum was found in the shop, of which Titcomb had par taken freely. No other cause for the murder is known.

Steamboat Accident on the Hudson.—Our 'racing calendar' commences early this season. The steamboat Novelty, Capt. Degroot, started for Albany on Thursday of last week a few moments before the Eric, which latter soon ran alongside, and finally ahead, both boats going at the rate of some twenty miles an hour. When opposite Nyack, just after breakfast, the passengers were startled by an explosion, proceeding from one of the range of small boilers which constitute the peculiarity of the Novelty, or, as the captain says, from the caving in of a furnace, which wrenched off a small pipe, and suffered the steam to escape with a report like a musket. None of the passengers were injured, but one of the firemen was killed outright, the clothes of another took fire, and he was dreadfully burned, and three or four others were slightly scalded. The speed of the boat was checked, the Erie took off her passengers, and proceeded with them to Albany.

Fire.—About 10 o'clock Tuesday night fire was discovered in the lower part of a three story brick bulding, No 71 Pearl street, occupied by Messrs. Barrows and Mara, wooodenware dealers, which was soon extinguished. The building was slightly injured—the contents were slighty damaged by water.

Another Fire with loss of Life.—About 11 o'clock another fire broke out in the second story of the two story brick building, No. 456 Bowery, situate on the corner of Ninth street, occupied in the lower part by Thomas Sandford, as a paint store, and in the upper part by Mr. J. Woolley, as a tin shop and dwelling, which was entirely destroyed, together with part of its contents. The flames soon after communicated to the upper part of the buil ling adjoining, No. 154, occupied as a dwelling by Mr. Daniel Kearney, and three other familes, the upper part of which only was destroyed, and we are sorry to add that a son of Kearney's aged 14 years, perished in the flames. The buildings were leased by Mr. Peter Davie, and insured. [Journal of Commerce.

Sentence.—Betsey Van Hoesen, a colored woman, residing near Hudson, was sentenced to death on Saturday last, having been found guilty of the murder of her own child. Judge Vanderpoel performed the solemn service. She is to be hanged on the 2d day of June next.

FROM MEXICO.

Correspondence of the New-York Daily Express.

NEW-ORLEANS, April 5, 1837.

On the 11th, 12th, and 13th of March, the city of Mexico was in a state of revolution. On the morning of the 9th, the Government published a Bando relative to the copper coin, reducing its nominal value to 50 per cent. discount. About 11 o'clock, the whole city manifested strong symptoms of commotion, collecting near the palace and market place, the dense mass of poor miserable lepros moving about like waves of a troubled sea—driven to desperation by the depreciation of the millions of valueless copper currency the Government have issued. In a few minutes after 11 there was a general rush through the streets, and all doors instantly closed an barricaded. In the mean time the troops made their appearance, and cannon were drawn out in the plaza de Palacio, and about 12 o'clock, the military succeeded in restoring tranquillity, and the government issued threatening handbills through the city against persons who should refuse copper at the fixed value, and the governor of the city another, ordering all doors opened under a fine of $20 to those who did not. A regular patrol was established through the city.

On the next day, (Saturday) the crowd and the excitement continuing, and the multitude breaking out into a riot, the troops charged and fired on them. The scene that followed was thrilling—men, women and children were seen flying and screaming in all directions. In the mean time thousands were collected near the cathedral in the Plaza, and about 2 o'clock the populace commenced throwing stones at the stores at the north corner of the Portal, by the Parian, and broke in all the windows of 20 or 30 stores, French, English and American. Having no instrument to force the massy doors of the stores or courts, the military suffered this with impunity, pleased that the attention could be turned from the *cause* of their misery, *the government*, to the foreigners, against whom they cried out with every opprobrious epithet. On Sunday morning there was another revolutionary movement. Foreigners' houses were attacked by the populace and all their windows broken. In some houses in the Portals, they were not dispersed until some were killed by the soldiers. On Saturday many were shot and lanced.—Though much excitement pervaded the whole capital on Sunday, it was kept down by the troops.

On Saturday, disaffection manifested itself among the latter, as the government were in arrears to them. Government, however, succeeded in procuring funds from the merchants and paid them off, otherwise they would in all probability have joined the myriads of robbers and murderers, which compose about three fourths of the population. There is not such a licentious population in the world as in this place and Puebla, and their prejudice and hatred against estrangeros is daily encouraged by the Padres.

On Monday night it was understood that the troops were to proclaim Gen. Bustamente Dictator, and besides the regular patrol in all the streets, extra guards were at the corners of the streets. When the news came to Bustamente's ears, he positively refused the honor.

The following Resolutions were proclaimed in the city by the Governor on the 14th March.

"The Citizen Luis Gourago Viceyra, retired Colonel and Governor of the Department of Mexico."

Lover of the Mexican people, and wishing to restore public tranquility, disturbed by false news, I have resolved on the following measures:

1st. To-day, after 3 o'clock P. M. it shall be prohibited in this city, all meetings of more than five persons.

2nd. Patrols and agents of police, will take care to arrest the breakers of the law.

3d. Merchants of all descriptions shall open their shops at 4 o'clock P. M. and shall receive without excuse, the copper money for the value given to it by the law of the 9th inst.; they shall be obliged to sell to the purchasers provided with the copper money. The refractor shall pay a fine of two hundred dollars.

Alcades and their assistants will take care, under the responsibilities and the fine of two hundred dollars, to pacify their respective wards, and to impede all assemblies of the people.

5th. While tranquillity shall not be restored, going on horseback is prohibited to every person not in uniform.

6th. The refractory that be arrested with their horses, shall be detained until they pay a fine of one hundred dollars.

LIC GABRIAL SAGASETA, Secretary.

Gen. Jackson's War Message in Mexico.—On the night of the 4th March, the Message of the President of the United States was received in Mexico, by express from Vera Cruz via New Orleans. It produced a greater sensation in this capital than any circumstance for a long time. Congress was convened the next day in secret session. As far as I can learn, their action was any thing but favorable to an amicable adjustment of the difficulties between the two countries. I also hear that the Chambers were discussing the propriety of issuing privateer licenses, and sending them up the Mediterranean by an agent, for sale. The Government and people seem to treat the Message with the utmost contempt.

Foreign embarrassments thicken upon the Government. The French Minister has received instructions from his Government to demand immediate restitution from Mexico of the amount taken from the French citizens under the decree of the Force Loan, and an adjustment of all other matters in controversy. He has not yet received his answer. The English Minister, it is said, received similar instruction.

The Blockade of the Ports of Texas.—The Mexican Government has issued an order declaring a blockade of all the ports of Texas. These ports are enumerated in their order; they are—Matagorda, La Baca, San Louis, Galveston, Brasoria, Harrisburg, Goliad, Anahuac, Copano, and "all other ports that line the coast of Texas, from longitude 94 50 to 101 10 west of London." The blockade is to take effect from and after the 30th day of publication in the city of Mexico, which was on the 9th of February.

The naval squadron designed to maintain this blockade consists of five vessels, four brigs, Libertad, Alamo, Gen. Barraga, and Fama, and the schooner Hidalgo. They were off Tampico at the latest dates from that place, and were to sail for the Texian coast on the 28th ult.

The Mexican Government has also passed a decree, closing a number of ports on both sides of the continent, against foreign commerce. The decree is to take effect six months after its publication, which was on the 2nd March. The ports are—on the Gulf of Mexico: Bacalar, Goatzacalco, Alevarado, Matagorda, Galveston. On the Pacific—Huatlco, Manzanillo, Natividad, Mazatlau, La Paz, Dorecto, San Diego, San Francisco.

These decrees are but a fulmina: there is not force in the whole navy of Mexico, to put half the ports named, under an actual blockade, which foreign nations would be found to recognize. Paper blockades are exploded notions. A blockade in the proper sense, applies only to the ports of an acknowledged enemy. By giving the restriction this form, the Mexican Government may have designed to meet the peculiar position of the United States, the only power that has recognized Texan Independence. We are bound, by that recognition, to apply to the belligerants, the rule of blockade established by the laws of nations. We must respect it, if supported by an adequate force. Not so with other nations—citizens of Great Britain for example, who may wish to trade with Texas, who are at liberty to sail under Mexico licences, for their own government has not denied the authority of Mexico over these ports.

The U. S. ship of war Boston, has arrived at Pensacola. She left Vera Cruz about the 14th March. H. B. M. frigate Sybil, touched at Vera Cruz and Tampico, to take on board any specie that the merchants might desire to ship to England, preparatory to her departure for home, her time of service on the West India station having expired. She left Tampico for the coast of Texas, having on board Mr. Crawford, the British Consul, who goes on a visit to the new Republic. The object of his visit is yet to transpire.

Santa Anna has sworn to the present constitution of Mexico, on the 9th of March—and has formally resolved to lead a private life.

Our markets are now being supplied with all kinds of meats and vegetables—especially the latter. Already have we artichokes, and delicious strawberries.

Loss of ship Candidus, of Thomaston.—The brig Maria Theresa, arrived at this port yesterday from New Orleans, brought in the officers and crew of the above vessel. The particulars we learn from the City Hall Reading Room books. The Maria Theresa fell in with the Candidus, Webb, on the 1st inst. She was from New Orleans, bound for Liverpool, on fire, having been struck by lightning the night before. It was blowing so hard at the time, that it was thought impossible for a boat to live, and they lay by her for some time; but the fire gained so fast that a part of the crew were forced into their boat, and keeping before the sea, they succeeded in getting on board the brig. In this way, the ship and brig alternately lay under each other's lee, so that the boats could go to and fro before the wind and sea, and all hands were enabled to make their escape. In twenty minutes after the last boat left the ship, her masts fell over her sides, and she was completely enveloped in flames. The M. T. lay by her until 12 o'clock A. M., when the fire was bursting through her sides, and her deck had fallen in.

The Candidus was a new vessel, of 396 tons, on her first voyage, and had a cargo of 1,365 bales of cotton. She sailed from New Orleans on the 20th, and from the bar on the 22d ult. She was struck by lightning on the night of the 31st, about 11 o'clock, in lat. 32 20. lon. 78 40, while scudding under bare poles; the electric fluid descended the main-top-gallant-mast and main-mast into the hold, splitting the mast and pump. Smoke soon after issued from the hold, which indicated that she was on fire. All hands were immediately employed in pouring in water, but with no effect, and every crevice was then stopped, in the hope of smothering the flames. In this situation she was fallen in with by the Maria Theresa, and her crew providentially rescued from destruction. This is the vessel which the Alpha, at Charleston, reported to be the 'Nahant, of New London.' [Bost. Post.

Another.—An affray took place at Little Rock on the 12th March, between Mr. Ringstaff and Mr. Kelley. It resulted in the death of the latter, who received four or five wounds from a knife.

Melancholy Accident and Loss of Lives.—We learn from Capt. Grice, and some passengers of the steamboat Ione, that on her trip down from Manchester to this place, she took fire about fifty miles above New Orleans, and notwithstanding every exertion of the officers and crew, was totally consumed in less than a quarter of an hour from the first discovery.—The wind was very high at the time, and the cargo consisting principally of 1,100 bales of cotton which had been under shed for some time, and consequently very dry, burned with unexampled rapidity.

Capt. Grice with the utmost difficulty succeeded in saving his wife, and with the assistance of Mr. Miller, pilot, his youngest child; his two other children, a girl and boy, were preserved from the devouring element, one by Mr. Grice, a cousin of the captain's, and the other by a colored man, the steward of the boat, who at an imminent risk of his life plunged into the water with him, and almost reached the shore, when his strength failed him, he was obliged to give up his little charge, but was immediately relieved by the mate of the boat, Mr. Morris, and both were safely landed.

Such was the progress of the flames that not an individual was able to save a single article.

The 2d clerk, Mr. W. G. Weed, met with a terrible death in endeavoring to save the books and letters, some of which were no doubt very valuable.

Six persons are missing. [N. O. Bulletin.

Creek Hostilities Again.—The following is an extract of a letter received in this city, by a friend who has favored us with it, dated Irwinton, Ala., Saturday night, March 25:

"Whilst I was absent, Gen. Wellborn sent notice to Irwinton, that he expected soon to have a fight with the Indians. A good many of our citizens put off for the nation, and yesterday about 10 o'clock, in the Pea Swamp, the battle commenced. Wellborn had about 80 men; it is not known the number of Indians, but supposed to be 150. The battle lasted about three hours, without much intermission. There were four whites killed—two of them our citizens, Mr. Holloway and Mr. Grady; and several others wounded. There were between forty and fifty Indians found dead; and a squaw informed the whites that the Indians had thrown more of their dead into the water than they saw on the battle ground. It is generally supposed 100 must have been killed; the balance of the Indians retreated up the river."

[Augusta Constitutionalist, April 1st.

Steamer Sunk, and Loss of Lives.—The steamers Tiskilwa and Wisconsin came in contact in the Illinois river, about five miles from the mouth, on Friday morning last, about half past 4 o'clock, and the Tiskilwa sunk in a few minutes. Most of the deck passengers were drowned; and, as the register is missing, are unable to say how many passengers lost—but 12 they are certain of. There are two gold watches and a sum of money in the possession of the clerk, unclaimed, which may serve as a clue to the friends of those who are missing.

The above particulars we learned from the Captain of the Wave, who brought the remaining passengers to this place.

Suicide.—John Buhring, a native of Denmark, aged 45, committed suicide on Monday the 3d inst. at the Monroe House, in Rochester. He was for many years master of the brig Heman, sailing between Rio Janeiro and New-York; but retired from business in 1834, with about $20,000, which he invested in the purchase of several farms in Sheldon, Genesee county, where he married a young lady named Emerick, and lived for a year very happily. At the end of this time, however, he was induced to embark in land speculations, the result of which was the loss of almost all he possessed. He left a long letter, addressed to a gentleman of Sheldon, giving a brief history of his misfortunes, and reflecting very severely on the "land-pirates," as called them, by whom those misfortunes were caused.

Fire in Dedham.—A large two-story building of Messrs. Coney & Ames, millwrights, at Mill Village, in Dedham, was burnt on Wednesday night last, together with a large stock of tools and machinery. The loss is estimated at $10 or 12,000, of which $5,000 was covered by insurance.

The Albany Tunnel is like to be no great bore to its enemies, as some of them seemed to consider it when the project was first proposed. The Editor of the Daily Advertiser says he has inquired into the matter and ascertained that the tunnel will be abandoned, and that the Directors have called upon the President for a statement of the affairs of the company, which will soon be forthcoming.

Facetious Thieves.—A gang of burglars stripped a watchmaker's shop, at Baltimore on Saturday night, of goods valued at $3000, being nearly the whole of its contents. On leaving the premises the rogues placed a placard over the door—"THIS STORE TO LET."

Great Storm—Church Destroyed.—The great storm at Edgefield, (Geo.) April 5th, besides uprooting trees, and blowing down chimneys and fences, nearly totally destroyed the beautiful Episcopal Church in that town. Half she roof was blown in, the chandelier, lamps, pulpit, &c., crushed, and also the walls. The organ was saved.

A very Liberal Contribution in Georgia.—The Covington Herald of April 4th says—"We learn from an undoubted source, that Josiah Flournoy, Esq. of Putnam county, in this State, has presented to the Methodist Episcopal Church, as a donation, the handsome sum of $40,000, for the purpose of establishing another Manual Labor School, to be located in some one of the counties south or south-west of this place."

From Buenos Ayres.—Advices have reached this city from thence to Jan. 14th. The speech of the Governor, touching upon the difficulties with our Government and Great Britain respecting the Falkland Islands, says the delay of a mission to this country on the subject of the outrage of the U. S. ship Lexington, was occasioned by the illness of the Buenos Ayres Minister at London, who was charged with this duty. It is soon to take effect. Lord Palmerston also is complained of for neglecting to adjust the question respecting the jurisdiction of the Falkland Islands as claimed by Buenos Ayres.

Ohio.—The Legislature of this State adjourned on the 30th ult. after four months' sessions. The bill for the creation of *thirty-five new Banks* was indefinitely postponed. The surplus revenue is to be distributed among the counties in the ratio of their population, The country commissioners are authorized to loan it out in sums not less than $100 nor more than $1,000, the interests to go the school fund. An improvement bill has passed, which provides that the State shall subscribe as much to any canal, railroad, or turnpike, as the companies have subscribed. Nat. Intelligencer.

Steamboat Burnt at Pittsburg.—An unfinished steamboat was destroyed by fire, April 5th, on the southern shore of the Monongahela, opposite Pittsburg, (Penn.) How the fire originated, is not stated. What is still more extraordinary, it occurred in the middle of the day, and no means appear to have been employed to extinguish it.

Fatal Affray.—Mr. J. Dubach, while in the act of preventing the departure from the wharf at Madison. (Ind.) April 1st, of Mr. James Lee, against whom there was an attachment for debt, the latter drew a loaded pistol and shot Dubach through the brain. Dubach was keeping guard for the constable, who had left.

Shot by Mistake.—Mr. George W. Clay, a worthy citizen of Mercer county, (Ky.,) died on the 23d, of a pistol-shot wound, which he received about four weeks ago. The pistol, it is said, was fired by a Mr. Godfrey, who, it is supposed, intended to shoot a Mr. Thompson, instead of Mr. Clay. We don't suppose this was any consolation to Mr. Clay.

The West.—Chicago already contains 3,000 inhabitants—has 40 to 50 lawyers, 30 to 40 physicians, 12 public houses, 3 newspapers, 128 stores, &c. There were 23,000 tons of merchandize taken in the port last season.

Snow.—There was a snow fall at Harrisburg, (Pa.) on Wednesday, which covered the ground to the depth of three inches. The 'Keystone' of that date says—The gloomy aspect of mid-winter sits upon every thing.

University of Virginia.—This institution appears to flourish as palmily as its best friends could desire. The present number of students is 205, of whom 185 are from Virginia. There are two from New York, and none north of it.

Snow.—There was a considerable fall of snow on the 5th inst. at Fredericksburg, Va. On the 4th at Newark, N. J. enough snow fell to make very tolerable sleighing, had it remained on the ground.

The Southwestern Mails.—The Pontoatoc (Miss.) Union, an Administration Paper, laughs at a letter from the Postmaster at Memphis, who tells him that he has sent an "Express" with the mails accumulated at that place. The Express turned out to be an ox-team, and moved at the rate of ten miles a day!

The Revenue that accrued in Boston from January 1, to March 21, 1837, was $758,019. From January 1, to March 21, 1836, $1,023,825 84. Showing a decrease of $265,815 from the corresponding time of last year.

Maumee River.—The Manhattan Advertiser of the 15th ult. say: "The ice went out of our river and bay on Monday and Tuesday. We are now ready to receive visitors. In less than a week we shall be able to shake hands commercially with Detroit, Cleveland, and all the intermediates.

Rev. Mr. Pierpont's Church, (Unitarian,) in Hollis street, Boston, was struck by lightning last Saturday, and the steeple set on fire and consumed. No further damage.

Col. George Walton was elected Mayor of Mobile on the 27th ult. Vote: Walton 529, J. F. Pagles 499; scattering 9. No politics; though the successful candidate is a Whig.

Last Notice.—Many of our patrons to the Folio New-Yorker have been suspended for the present in consequence of non-payment.—With the present number, bills will be sent to each and all of them. If the amount is not forwarded to us previous to the 1st of May next, we shall be compelled to advertise them as defaulters. It is our only remedy for the numberless cases wherein we lose our just dues through the wilful inattention of subscribers, who receive the paper for two or three years without sending us the very small sum necessary to cancel the debt. We sincerely trust that this notice will call the attention of those for whom it is especially intended, and save us from adopting harsher measures.

☞ *Dolbear's Science of Penmanship and Chirographic Atlas.*—From the authors, who are well known as the Principals of the New-York and New-Orleans Writing Academies, we have received the above valuable works. When we say that the system of these celebrated instructors has our entire approbation, we only express an opinion which coincides with that of all others who, like ourselves, have had an opportunity of seeing its merits fully tested. The Carstairian system, as improved and perfected by the Dolbears, and elucidated in these works, compose the only text-book, worthy of the name, for acquiring this ornamental and inestimably useful accomplishment.—We hope to see them at once introduced into all our Academies and Schools, and those who are now within their walls may have such an opportunity for learning (what but few indeed know) *how to write*, as their predecessors did not enjoy. The Atlas contains 24 elegantly engraved plates illustrating all the different stages of the art from the initial lessons to its full, free and elegant perfection.

These books, though small, must have been published at very great expense. The paper, the typography, the engraving and binding, are all equally beautiful and afford fine specimens of American workmanship.

We dwell more at large than usual on the utility of this production, as by experience we know the value of a good hand, being daily doomed to the odious task of decyphering manuscripts professedly pertaining to the English language, but almost as lucid and intelligible as if written in Sanscrit or Chaldee.

The leading features of the system are derived from the principles of Physiology and the anatomy of the hand and arm. It contains an original analysis of the Capital and Loop letters, and full directions for the acquirement of rapid business writing, and what we deem of the first importance, a complete system of Pen-making.

Ap.15—160tf [Natchez Courier.

Married,

On Sunday, by Rev. Thomas Brientnall, Capt. Watson Ferris of the ship Westchester, to Sarah, daughter of Bryan Ward, Esq.

On Sunday, by Elder Isaac N. Walter, Mr. Lott D. Doty to Miss Jerusha Wood.

On Sunday, by the same, Mr. Thompson Cox to Miss Arabella Ottierwell.

On Monday, by Rev. Dr. Berrian, Fitzgerald Tisdall to Elizabeth Ann Clute.

On Tuesday, by Rev. L. P. Bayard, William Popham to Jane, daughter of the late Wm. Hill.

On Tuesday, by Rev. Mr. Jackson, N. D. Smith to Mary Ann Marshall.

At Hartford, Conn. on Wednesday, by Rev. Professor Totten, Robert W. Mead, of this city, to Clarissa, daughter of the late Dr. Alexander Sheldon.

At Cold Spring, on the 1st inst. by Rev. Mr. Storrs, Elisha Nelson to Phebe Jane Birdsall.

At Cooperstown, N. Y. Abel Price, aged 22, to Mrs. Euphonia Rugg, aged 60.

At Poughkeepsie, on the 6th inst. by Rev. Mr. Welten, Mr. Peter Thompson to Miss Amanda M. Holdridge.

At Newburgh, on the 29th ult. by Rev. John Brown, Thomas C. Ring, Esq. Cashier of the Highland Bank, to Miss Catharine Spear.

At Philadelphia, on the 23d ult. by Rev. John Brown, Joseph Patterson, of the house of Patterson & Waterman, to Miss Jane, daughter of Rev. Dr. Cuyler, formerly of Poughkeepsie.

At Beverly, Mass. Dr. Ingalls Kittredge, aged 68, to Miss Lydia Smith, aged 38. By this marriage the husband becomes brother to his son, and uncle to his grand-children; and the wife becomes mother to her sister, and grandmother to her nieces, (the father and son married sisters,) the son has five daughters by the youngest sister.

Died,

On Sunday, Miss Ruth Halsey, aged 42 years.
On Sunday, Mrs. Caroline Averill, aged 33 years.
On Sunday, Peter Kennon, aged 38 years.
On Sunday, Silas Butler, Purser U. S. Navy, aged 57 years.
On Sunday, Jacob Lang, jr. aged 24 years.
On Monday, Mrs. Margaret Merwin, aged 35 years.
On Monday, Halsey Corwin, aged 31 years.
On Monday, Mrs. Mary Ann Ferrini, aged 30 years.
On Tuesday, Mrs. Elizabeth Ebbets, aged 85 years.
On Tuesday, Mrs. Margaret Merwin, aged 25 years.
On Tuesday, John W. Carpenter, of the firm of J. G. & J. W. Carpenter.
On Tuesday, Miss Elizabeth P. Smith, aged 20 years.
On Tuesday, Mrs. Mary R. Underhill, aged 24 years.
On Wednesday, James Rikeman, aged 52 years.
On Wednesday, Julia M. daughter of William Willis.
On Wednesday, Ezra W. Dodge, aged 38 years.
At Tarry Town, on the 10th inst. Rev. Thomas G. Smith, D. D. Pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church at that place, aged 80 years.
At Lyan, Conn. on the 5th inst. Francis J. Lay, aged 41 years.
At Cincinnati, on the 3d inst. Cornelia M. daughter of Samuel Cowdrey, of this city.
At Poughkeepsie, on the 9th inst. Mrs. Eliza Elliot Livingston, aged 61 years.
At White Plains, H. B. Ward, of Philadelphia, aged 32 years.
At Troy, on the 6th inst. Joseph D. Selden, Esq. father of Dudley Selden of this city, aged 73 years.
At Albany, on the 9th inst. Jane Matilda Olcott.
At Arkwright, Chaut. Co. Hon. Abiram Orton, aged 61 years.
At Milledgeville, Ga. on the 17th ult. Maj. Thomas H. Kenan, late U. S. Marshal for the District of Georgia, aged 63 years.
The City Inspector reports the death of 170 persons during the week ending Saturday, April 8.

PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY—based on the plan most approved for learning a foreign language; the whole subject illustrated by *facts* in the lives of eminent persons, among whom are Washington, Franklin, Clara Fisher, and Black Hawk; and by 27 fine wood cuts; by Silas Jones, Principal of the Institution for the Blind.

*** Any one desirous of obtaining a general knowledge of the wonderful and important science of Phrenology, may do so by becoming acquainted with the contents of the above small volume. Published and for sale to the trade by
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EVIDENCES OF THE GENUINENESS OF THE GOSPELS, by Rev. Andrew Norton; just published by the American Stationers' Company, and for sale to the trade by
160tf S. COLMAN, 114 Fulton street.

Agents for the New-Yorker.

New-York.

Albany,	Lyman & Hanford.
Auburn,	B. B. Peck, (P. O.)
Augusta,	O. F. Ranney.
Antwerp,	C. B. Hoard P. M.
Albion,	H. McCurdy, P. M.
Buffalo,	John Wadsworth.
Binghampton,	T. Robinson, P. M.
Borodino,	Isaiah Buffington,
Batavia,	S. Smith.
Brockport,	Josiah Harrison,
Canandaigua,	Albert Lester,
Cazenovia,	J. Killom.
Clermont,	W. H. Wilson,
Cairo,	Elder T. Stokes,
Chittenango,	J. & A. Bellamy.
Cortland Village,	C. Marsh, P. M.
Cow Neck,	Henry Mott.
Clinton,	B. Hickcox.
Canterbury,	S. Townsend.
De Ruyter,	N. Carpenter,
Delhi,	H. Levally,
Elba,	E. J. Pettibone,
	S. Laing,
Enfield,	S. Marsh.
Eaton,	S. Thayer, P. M.
Elmira,	H. S. Brooks.
Fishkill, " Landing,	Wm. A. Pierce,
Matteawan,	
Florence,	D G Dorrance,
Fulton,	I. I. Wolcott,
Fort Plain,	Peter G. Webster.
Fabius,	George Pettit, P. M.
Geneva,	Bogert & Wynkoop.
Gaines,	D Gilbert,
Garoga,	T. D. P Havens,
Goshen,	H W. Elli t,
Granville,	T. S. Hitt.
Greenwich.	S. Kittle, P. M.
Hamilton,	Butler Maynard.
Hillsdale,	S. G. Smith.
Hudson,	H. Wilbur,
Homer,	L. Riggs.
Hemick Falls,	S. Shoffleton,
Ithaca,	A. B. Clark,
Jamestown,	E. F. Warren.
Kings Ferry,	D. Adams'
Lockport,	Henry A. Carter.
Little Falls,	E. G. Southworth.
	E. M Griffing,
Lysander,	C. C. Hubbard,
Mayville,	George T. Camp.
Middle Island,	B. T. Hutchinson.
Matteawan,	W. A. Pierce.
Medina,	J. Ingersoll,
Mottville,	L. Mason.
Monticello,	W. E. Cady,
Manlius,	J. J. Hopkins,
Morristown,	J. P. Morgan,
Middle Granville,	J. M Bishop,
Newburgh,	L. W. Edwards.
New Rochelle,	Samuel Bownes
New Windsor,	M. N. M'Laughlin.
North Salem,	J. S. Wilson,
North Murray,	G. W. Burbank,
New Hartford,	J. Allen,
Oswego,	O. H. P. Hovey,
Oriskany,	Andrew Scott Jr.
Ogdensburgh.	Simeon Smith.
Poughkeepsie,	George Nagells.
Pompey,	J. Hascall Sicarns.
Pulville,	E. Colson Jr. P. M.
Penn-Yan,	C. W. Bennet,
Preble,	P. H. Burdick,
Pembroke,	T. S Dodge,
Palmyra,	M. W. Wilcox,
Pamela,	
4 Corners,	A. M. Harger,
Rushville,	C Loomis,
Redfield,	R Drake,
Rochester,	C. & M. Morse,
South Le Roy,	M. Parsons,
Schenectady,	J. D Norris,
Union College,	P. C. Robertson.
Stockton,	C. Smith,
South Cortland,	Jarvis & Sturdevant,
Sandy Creek,	L. Mallory, P. M.
Sandy Hill,	J. N. Wright.
Saratoga Spr'gs,	W. A. Fonday.
Syracuse,	D. P. Phelps.
Trumansburg,	E. S. Palmer.
Troy,	Francis Adancourt.
Tivoli,	J. Outwater,
Unadilla Forks,	E. Parsons,
Union Ellery,	O. Benedict. P. M.
Utica,	Dan. H. Hasting
	C. S. Wilson.
Vernon,	O. L. Knox.
Victor,	A. Simons,
Waterville,	M. Babcock, P. M.
Whitehall,	J. C. Caldwell,
Westfield,	O. Nichols,
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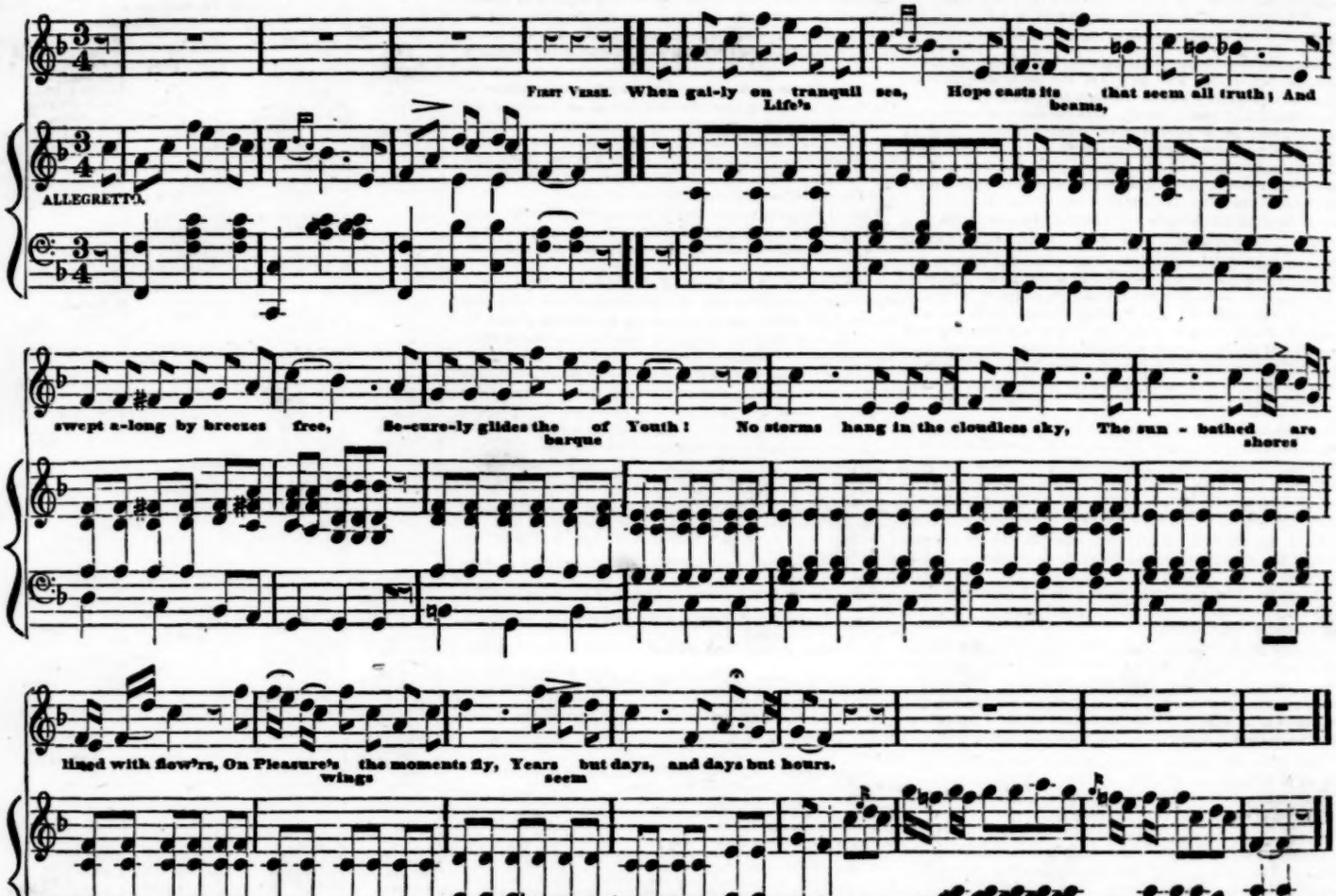
WORDS BY E. BURKE FISHER. MUSIC BY GILBERT W. T. JONES



SECOND VERSE.

The changeling, who the shallop steers,
Surveys the scene with wond'ring eye,
Nor dreams that with advancing years
Hope's rays will fade—the flow'rets die;
E'en as he gazes, round him swell
The wind-tost waves in rude commotion;
Time breaks at last the magic spell,
That tinged with joy Life's stormy ocean.

THIRD VERSE.

On every side the scene is drear—
Gone all that made life seem so fair—
No 'green spots' on the waste appear,
To steal its triumph from despair:
But one dim star that is not seen,
'Till every other has departed,
When on the waves it beams serene,
And cheers anew the broken-hearted.

FOURTH VERSE.

That star is Love! It brighter grows,
As boyhood's shores recede from view,
Unchanged by Time, undimm'd by woes,
Than life more dear—than Hope more true.
Then grieve not for the morning sky,
The sun-bathed shores and fragile flowers,
Suns disappear and flow'rets die—
Love brighter grows as speed the hours.

PORTUGUESE HYMN.

TO THE VIRGIN MARY.

STAR of the wide and pathless sea,
Who lov'st on mariners to shine,
These votive garments wet to thee,
We hang within thy holy shrine.
When o'er us flushed the surging brine,
Amid the warring waters tost,
We called no other name but thine,
And hoped, when other hope was lost.

Star of the vast and howling main,
When dark and lone is all the sky,
And mountain-waves o'er ocean's plain
Erect their starry heads on high;
Where virgins for their true loves sigh,
And raise their weeping eyes to thee;
The star of ocean heeds their cry,
And saves the foundering bark at sea.

Star of the dark and stormy sea,
When wrecking tempests round us rave,
Thy gentle virgin form we see
Bright rising o'er the hoary wave.
The howling storm that seems to crave
Their victims, sink in music sweet;
The surging seas recede to pave
The path beneath thy glistening feet.

Star of the mild and placid seas,
When rainbow rays of mercy crown,
Whose name thy faithful Portuguese
O'er all that to the depths go down,
With hymns of grateful transport own;
When gathering clouds obscure the light
And Heaven assumes an awful frown,
The star of Ocean glitters bright.

Star of the deep! when angel lyres
To hymn thy holy name essay,
In vain a mortal harp aspires
To mingle in the mighty lay!
Mother of God! one living ray
Of hope our grateful bosom fires
When storms and tempests pass away,
To join the bright immortal choirs.

From the Knickerbocker for April.

THE ACCEPTED SACRIFICE.

'Give me thy heart.'

WHAT shall we offer Thee, thou God of love!
Thou who didst build the heavens and mould the earth;
Thou, who didst hang the sparkling stars above,
And call'dst from darkness light and beauty forth!
From all the treasures of the earth and sea,
What shall we offer Thee?

Shall we present Thee gold and glittering gems,
Such as might wreathe the brows of royalty;
Shall we pluck roses from their slender stems,
Such as in Summer's graceful bowers may be;
And shall we lay them at Thy holy feet,
An offering fair and meet?

Or shall we deck thy temple with the spoil
Of mighty cities and rich palaces;
Strew flowers, fling on the altar wine and oil,
And pour around Thee mingling melodies
Of lutes and voices in soft harmony,
Breathing up praise to Thee?

Or shall we bring the treasures of the field,
When the rich Autumn fills her flowing horn!
The russet fruits the loaded branches yield—
The clustering grapes, the golden waving corn—
The flowers of Summer—the sweet buds of Spring—
Oh! which, which shall we bring?

There is a voice which saith, 'Oh, dearer far
Than all the earthly treasures ye can give,
The pure aspirings of the spirit are,
When in the light of Truth it loves to live:'
Such be our offerings at Thy holy shrine—
Our hearts, our *hearts* are Thine!

Liverpool, Eng. MARY ANNE BROOME.